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THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS, SEEN FROM THE HILL ABOVE THE TOWN, DISCLOSES ONE OF THE MOST MAJESTIC EXAMPLES OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN.

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# ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

*The Arts Throughout the Ages*

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VOLUME XXV

FEBRUARY, 1928

NUMBER 2

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## AN ATTEMPT TO SYNTHESIZE SPANISH CATHEDRAL ARCHITECTURE

By ANTONIO F. X. OJIMORENO\*

IN no such paper as this is it feasible to do more than give the barest attempt to make a synthesis of cathedral architecture; even such an outline presents difficulties and drawbacks before which the most competent student shudders. The present writer reluctantly assumes the task, fully conscious of his own shortcomings and realizing that only by a full lifetime of study can one approach so complex a theme with any assurance of making a contribution to a subject already well handled. It is, therefore, only because our American friends may not, perhaps, be so familiar with our ecclesiastical architecture as we might wish them, that the lines which follow have been written, not as a contribution but as a simple and preliminary study to give them a background for whatever re-

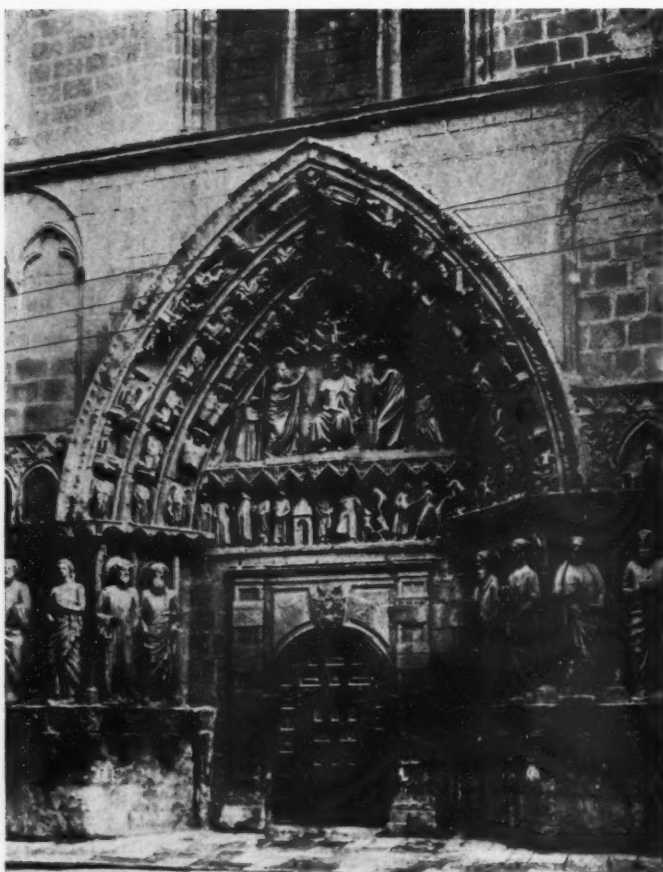
searches they may wish to make individually.

In what follows no attempt will be made to confine myself to any rigid chronology or any sequence of schools. Let us rather take up what seem to be the salient features of all our cathedrals, dealing in a general manner with the subject as a whole, and leaving detailed information and criticism to the many admirable books and guides which supply in the fullest detail what is necessarily omitted here.

The charge has often been made by English and other foreign scholars that our ecclesiastical architecture shows poverty of imagination, and that we have no Gothic of our own; that the church architecture of the Middle Ages in Spain was wholly an importation and so indicates a spiritual incapacity to conceive along such lines. Nothing could be farther from the actual facts.

\* The author, for personal reasons, prefers to conceal his identity behind the anagram with which he signs this "Ensayo de una Sintesis", etc.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



IN THE DOOR OF THE CORONATION, BURGOS CATHEDRAL, AUSTERE SIMPLICITY OF STYLE AND TREATMENT PRESENTS THE "NOBLE AIR OF SOLIDITY" SO CHARACTERISTIC OF MANY OF THE EARLIER SPANISH CATHEDRALS.

One glance into our history will reveal the truth. The Moors entered Spain in the first decade of the eighth century, swept the entire country with amazing rapidity, and until we won Toledo back from them in 1085, remained masters of our Peninsula. Thus for three and three-quarter centuries, while the rest of Europe was developing church architecture and laying wide and deep the foundations which made possible later the erection of the Gothic, we

were fighting for our very lives. With but one or two notable exceptions, we had no time and but scanty energy for the construction of important religious edifices. Consequently, when Saint Ferdinand carried his triumphant forces ever southward, and we became masters of enough of our own country to take thought for what we wished to do with it, architectural style, especially in religious constructions, had become crystallized in the Gothic manner, and we quite naturally adopted what was ready to our hands.

Of course, Spain was not entirely pagan and destitute of religious architecture prior to and during the Reconquest. One of our very greatest cathedrals—that of Santiago de Compostela—was commenced in 1078.

The churches of San Pablo del Campo, built perhaps in 914, and San Pedro de las Puellas, dating from 983, both in Barcelona, are probably the earliest well authenticated structures. All three of these, however, are Romanesque, and we have space here only to note that the two Catalan churches are of importance because of their simple solidity and restraint of style. The Cathedral, naturally, is another matter. Begun in 1078 and practically



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

completed half a century later in 1128, it is the most brilliant as well as the most impressive and largest manifestation of the French influence. Its source was the Cathedral of St. Sernin in Toulouse,\* which was only some two decades earlier. It is not, however, true, as many architects have maintained, that Santiago is merely a slight elaboration of the Tolosan plan. There is a very important structural difference, as will be found in whatever church we have built as a result of external influences. St. Sernin has double aisles, and Santiago majestic single ones, with its transepts boldly projecting the width of one bay more on either side to compensate. It was thus that the Spanish hand modified and improved whatever it touched, giving added grandeur and character to the fabric.

The Mudéjar churches also form an important link in any essay at a synthetic chain. So also the Mozarabic structures. Señor Gómez-Moreno, in his recent capital work *Las Iglesias Mozárabes*, speaks with some feeling of the evil day for Spain when it "relinquished its personality upon the altars of exotic institutions" which—especially as typified and represented



"TOLEDO THE RICH" IS THE SEAT OF THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP, PRIMATE OF SPAIN, AND ONE OF THE NOBLEST GOTHIC STRUCTURES IN THE WORLD.

by the Papal legates and the French Cluniac monks—were naturally not in harmony with a society based upon an entirely different conception. With these phases, important as they are in the development of our ecclesiastical architecture, we have for the moment little to do. Our chief concern lies with the Gothic: with those magnificent and characteristic temples which, without regard to any of their innumerable other points of difference, establish themselves instantly in the eye of the

\* See "Plain Bricks," ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, October, 1927.



SOMETHING OF THE LAVISHNESS OF THE SCULPTURED DECORATION WHICH CHARACTERIZES THE ENCLOSURES OF HIGH ALTAR AND CHOIR APPEARS TO ADVANTAGE HERE ON THE TRASCORO, OR REAR OUTER WALL OF THE CHOIR AT LEÓN.

beholder as quick and dynamic, and therefore antipodal in every respect to the thoroughly frozen and static majesty of the purely ecclesiastical designs which preceded them. Were there not another point of divergence, this one feature would serve to make the Gothic and the transitional of our country quite the equal of the originals in France which grew out of St. Denis and Notre Dame de Paris.

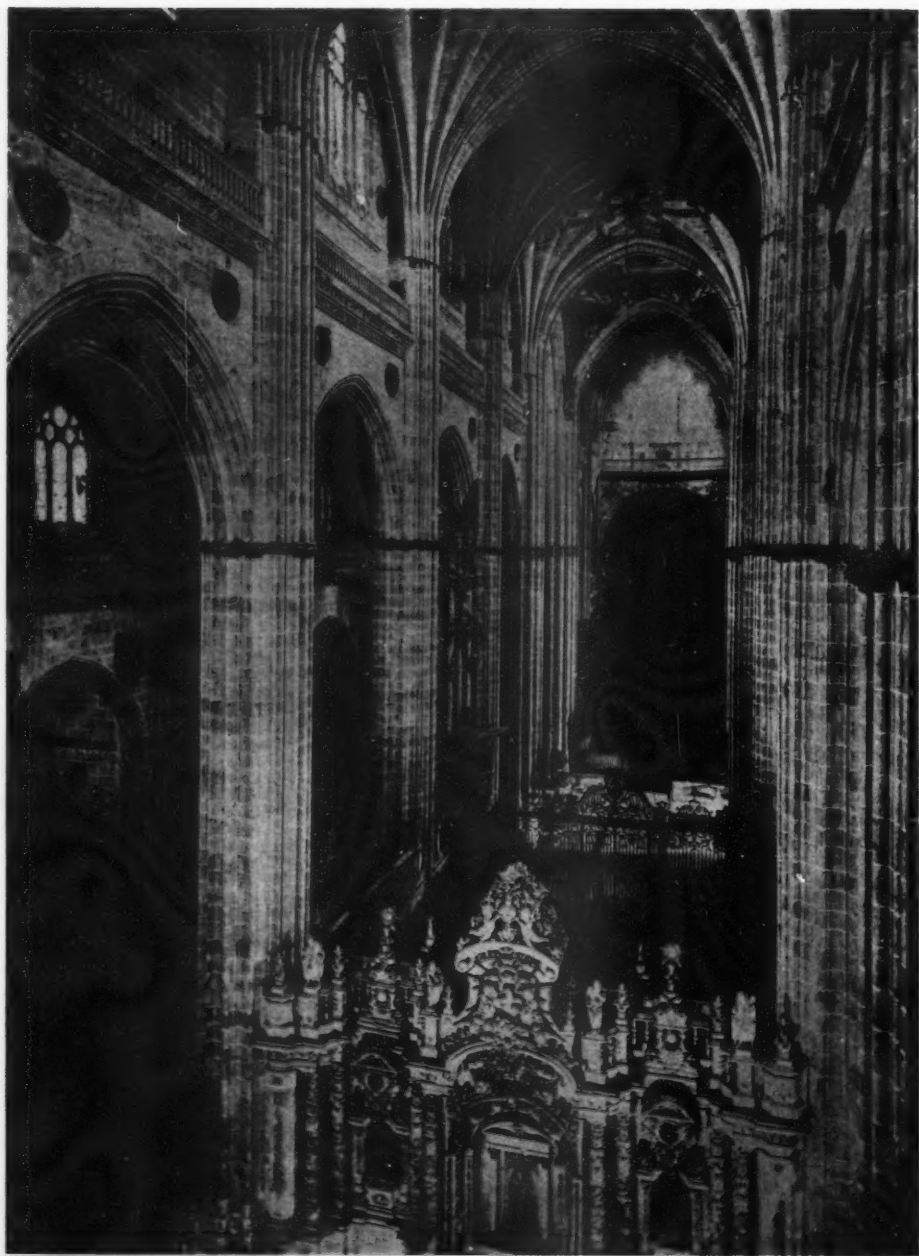
It was the German classicist Semper who endeavored to dispose of the Gothic at one blow with the contemptuous phrase, "petrified scholasticism." Woringer, following though disagreeing with him, comes closer to giving a psychological definition of the Gothic cathe-

dral when he observes: "Mysticism and scholasticism, these two great mediaeval vital forces which generally appear incompatible opposites, are closely united in it [the Gothic] and grow directly out of each other. As the room within is wholly mysticism, the construction without is wholly scholasticism. It is their common transcendentalism of movement that unites them. . . . The mysticism of the interior is merely a scholasticism deepened and rendered organic and sensuous."

From our point of view this falls short of the facts. Mystic though all religious belief of necessity must be, we nevertheless feel a tangible reality in it, a realistic mysticism, if you will,

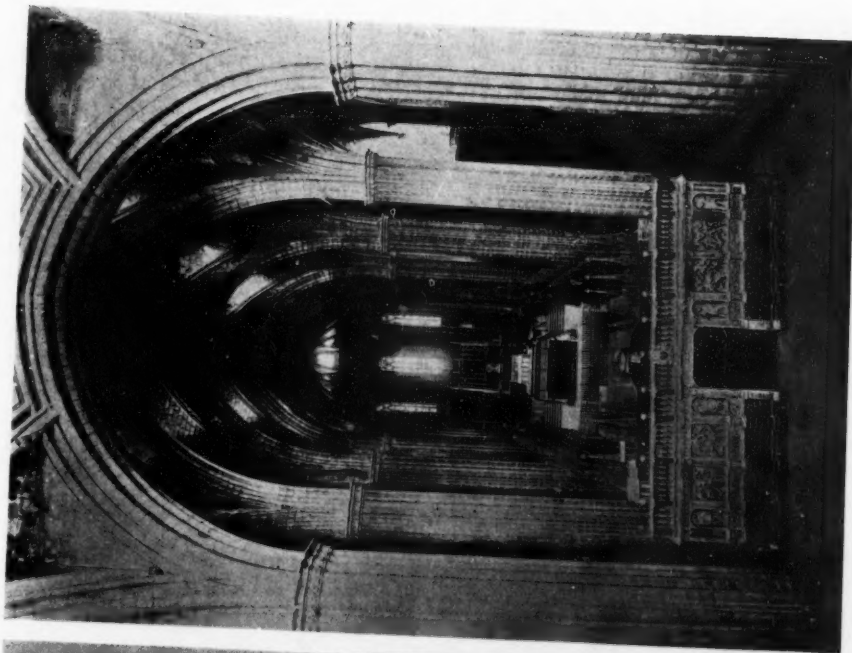


THE WESTERN FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SALAMANCA IS LAVISHLY DECORATED, AND THIS PORTAL OF THE BIRTH, SHOWING THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS AND OF THE MAGI, TELLS ITS OWN STORY OF THE PERIOD IN WHICH IT WAS CONSTRUCTED.



NOTWITHSTANDING THE LATE DATE AT WHICH IT WAS BEGUN, THE CATHEDRAL OF SALAMANCA IS AMAZINGLY MEDIAEVAL IN FEELING. THE CHARACTERISTIC INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT IS CLEARLY SHOWN. ESPECIALLY NOTEWORTHY ARE THE COLUMNS WITHOUT CAPITALS, ADDING GREATLY TO THE EFFECT OF HEIGHT.





THE CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA, BOTH WITHOUT AND WITHIN, ADMIRABLY ILLUSTRATES THE CATALAN SCHOOL'S WORK, WHICH DEVELOPED SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE SPANISH AND COMPARES FAVORABLY WITH IT.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

that alters the whole conception. Our Gothic was built far less as a result of scholasticism than as a profound material testimony on the part of the whole Spanish people to the glory of God and and of ourselves as His creatures. So to the American in the Peninsula, studying these vast temples for the first time, be he from Spanish America or from the United States, it makes little difference whether he knows the dry technical details of dates and

forms and styles, of the material authors of the structures and all that is in them, provided he grasps clearly the one point just made. For in our cathedrals, as in no other structures, breathes the soul and personality of

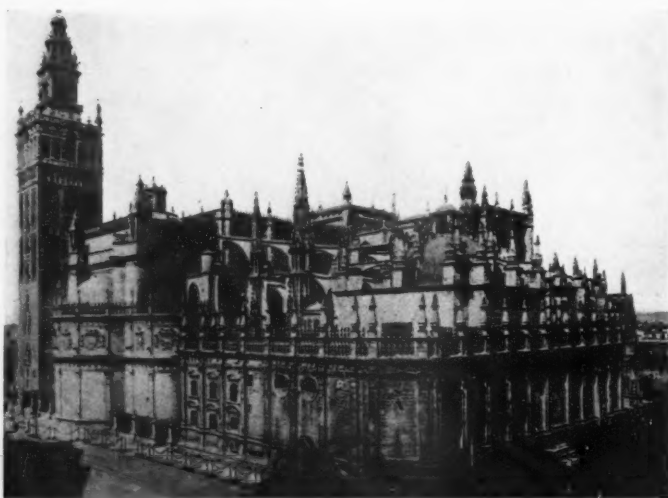
a quick, intensely virile race, sure of its purpose and direction and giving itself without stint to make these external manifestations glorious.

It is not my wish to go deeply into architectonics here, for as the general effect of our cathedrals is psychological, so must their treatment be. We would have our visitors and friends from the Ultramar carry away with them an impression of something more than imposing piles of stone and painted

glass, however romantically magnificent.

One point, however, is of such vital aesthetic significance that we must insist upon it. I refer to the position of the choir. It is here that Spanish character revealed itself and disclosed to the world that, though late in manifesting its quality, it nevertheless possessed both daring and a fine, true originality. Not content with the French form as it was brought to us,

we gave it a modification peculiar to ourselves alone. The increasing number of the clergy in all countries made changes in the length and capacity of the choir necessary. Only in Spain was vision prophetic, and only



LARGEST GOTHIC CHURCH IN CHRISTENDOM AND IN SOME RESPECTS MOST REMARKABLE OF ALL SPANISH CHURCHES, THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, WITH ITS TRANSFORMED MOORISH MINARET-BELFRY, THE GIRALDA, GIVES A SIGNIFICANT INTERPRETATION OF SPANISH CHARACTER.

here did our architects escape from that "auto-intoxication of logical formalism" which lengthened and enlarged the choirs of all other countries without effecting the slightest change in principles.

Instead of a mere expansion, our architects created a totally new form. They took the choir out of the High Chapel and placed it west of the crossing in an elaborate enclosure of its own.

(Concluded on Page 93)

# PRIORY CHURCH OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT

By STEWART F. CAMPBELL

*Illustrated by Frederick J. Woodbridge*

ONLY A stone's throw north of Holborn Viaduct, in London, through a stone archway, entrance is had to the ancient priory church of Saint Bartholomew The Great, the oldest church in London in which services are still being held. That part of the church which is east of the transepts was dedicated in 1123, over eight hundred years ago.

Rahere, its founder—jester and minstrel to Henry I—tired of the life of a worldly court, became converted and joined the order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine, shortly afterwards setting out on a pilgrimage to Rome. While there he was stricken with a fever. In his delirium he was visited by the spirit of St. Bartholomew, who told him that he would be cured of his fever in due time, but that he should, in gratitude for his return to health, return to London and immediately upon his arrival build a hospital and church there. He was also promised that if he established a church it would have a perpetual blessing. Tradition has it that the promise ran thus: "This spiritual house Almighty God shall inhabit and hallow it, and His eyes shall be open, and His ears intending, on this house day and night that the asker in it shall receive, the seeker find, and the ringer or knocker shall enter". Accepting this as a command from Heaven, Rahere resolved that there should be no delay in fulfilling the vow which he then took to build a church and hospital in London.

Often, as I have gone about the old

church, searching out detail after detail of delicate carving and contemplating the architectural wonders wrought by Rahere and his monks, I have wondered whether the thought ever came to him that after eight hundred years his church would continue in use as a place of worship, or that his hospital would, in the twentieth century, still be dispensing aid to multitudes of the poor of London. Possibly some such thought may have been his, but however that may be, these two works of his, one for the physical and the other for the spiritual healing of mankind, stand not only as evidences of the creative genius which existed in those centuries long since gone, but also as a reminder of what may be consummated through the guidance and inspiration of Omniscient Power.

For Rahere, however, difficulties soon arose. His choice of the monastic life brought him many enemies, especially among those who had been his associates in his early years. Nevertheless, although they accused him of hypocrisy and even threatened his life, he was determined to carry out his vow. He consequently sought the aid of Richard de Belmese, then Bishop of London, who was influential both in ecclesiastical affairs and in the business of the State; and it was with his assistance that Rahere obtained from the King a grant of land in Smithfield which enabled him to fulfill his design. Here it was that he built his priory church, the following account of which

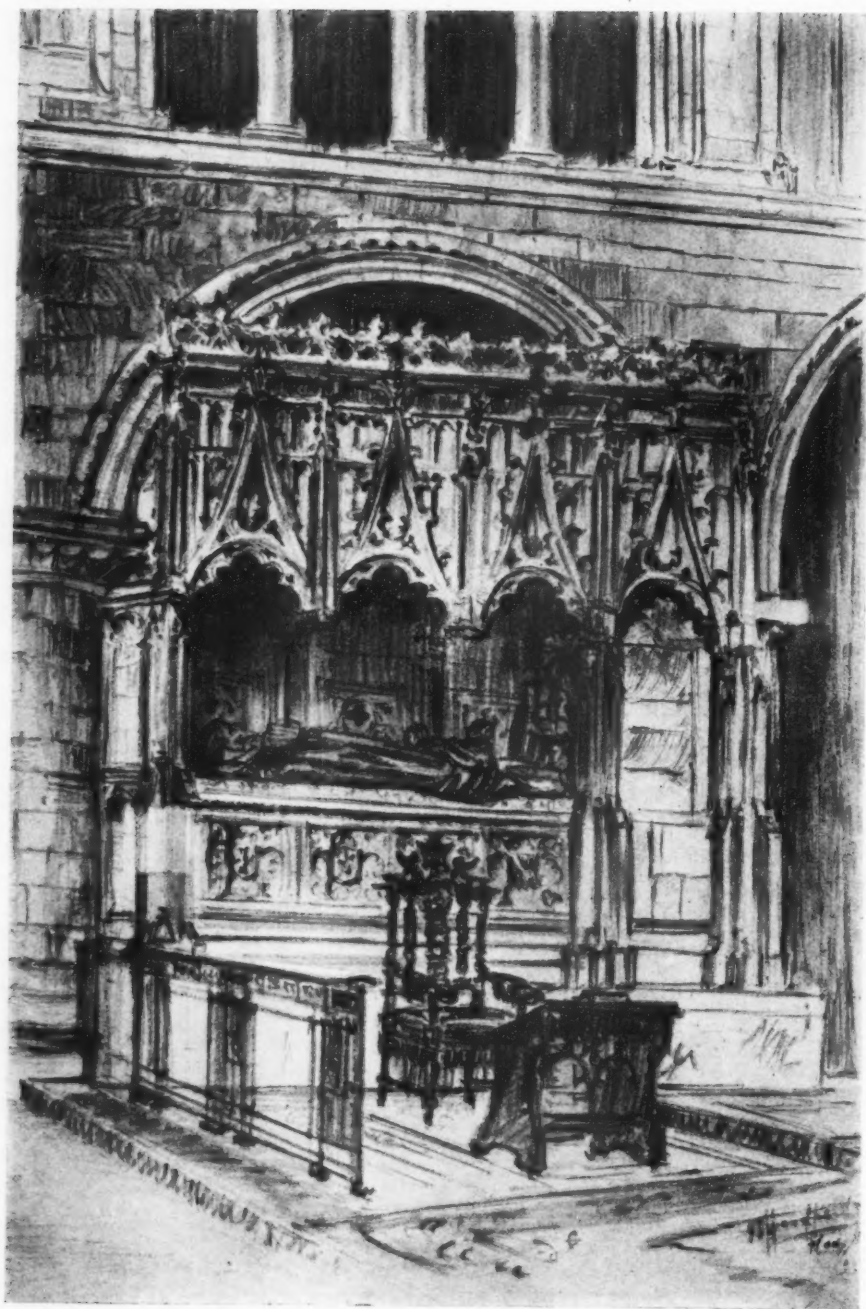


A BUTCHER SHOP AND A STORE FLANK THE ENTRANCE ARCH OF THE XIIITH CENTURY CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT IN SMITHFIELD, LONDON.



"SMITHFIELD IS THE 'LOCUS' OF THE GREAT CITY MARKETS."





RAHERE LIES AT PEACE UNDER A VAULTED CANOPY OF THE XVTH CENTURY.

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was preserved in the library of the Priory until it was dispersed:

"This church was founded in the month of March, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in memory of Saint Bartholomew, in the year of the incarnation of the Lord, Our Saviour, 1123. The Holy Father Pope Calixtus II, then holding and ruling the Holy See of Rome; William, Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding in the Church of England; Richard, being Bishop of London, who consecrated the place." Ten years later Henry I granted the Priory a royal charter which gave it many immunities and privileges.

Smithfield, which today comprises the land thus granted Rahere and upon which he built his priory, is the *locus* of the great city markets. From here, night and day, move huge vans and trucks carrying provisions for the feeding of London and it is with a feeling of relief that one passes beneath the arch—once the gate leading into the priory enclosure—and approaches the peaceful old parish church. The site allotted to Rahere was not one of the most auspicious upon which to build a church and hospital, for it was a low bit of ground, and as late as the twelfth century was partly covered with water. On the part not submerged stood the Common Gallows, which remained there for some centuries after the building of the Priory.

Undaunted by the difficulties which confronted him, Rahere gathered together a group of earnest men whom he had inspired with his enthusiasm, and set out to build his church. He completed the choir and parts of the transepts in about three years and soon afterwards added the cloisters, chapter house, and refectory. From the few fragments of the ruined nave which

remain in one bay west of the south transept arch, it is quite evident that it was built at a later date and in consequence the style was probably more that of Early English than that of the pure Norman, as is the eastern end of the church. In this eastern end Rahere installed his monks and became their prior. Of the secular buildings little remains more than a scattered ruin here and there. The various sites which they once occupied have been used at different times for all sorts of commercial purposes; shops, a livery stable and the like have all crowded in and usurped the sacred ground.

From the entrance arch, which is closely shut in between a meat-packing house on one side and a shop on the other, a broad walk about a hundred feet long leads to the west portal of the church. On the left of this walk is a cemetery, on ground the nave of the church once covered, the nave having come to ruin in the reign of Henry VIII. On a certain day in each year—I think it is the eve of Saint Bartholomew's—the Vicar appears here in the rôle of benefactor to some nine old women of the parish and, in accordance with an ancient tradition, scatters shillings over the ground for the aged dames to scramble for. As the level of the walk is some four or five feet below that of the cemetery and separated by a stone wall over which they have to clamber, there follows a comedy which few who have the opportunity care to miss.

The parts of the original church which still remain are the choir, now used as the parish church, the transepts, one bay of the old nave, and the Lady Chapel at the east end. As late as 1885 the latter was occupied as a lace-factory, and it was in this chapel that Samuel Parker, the printer and

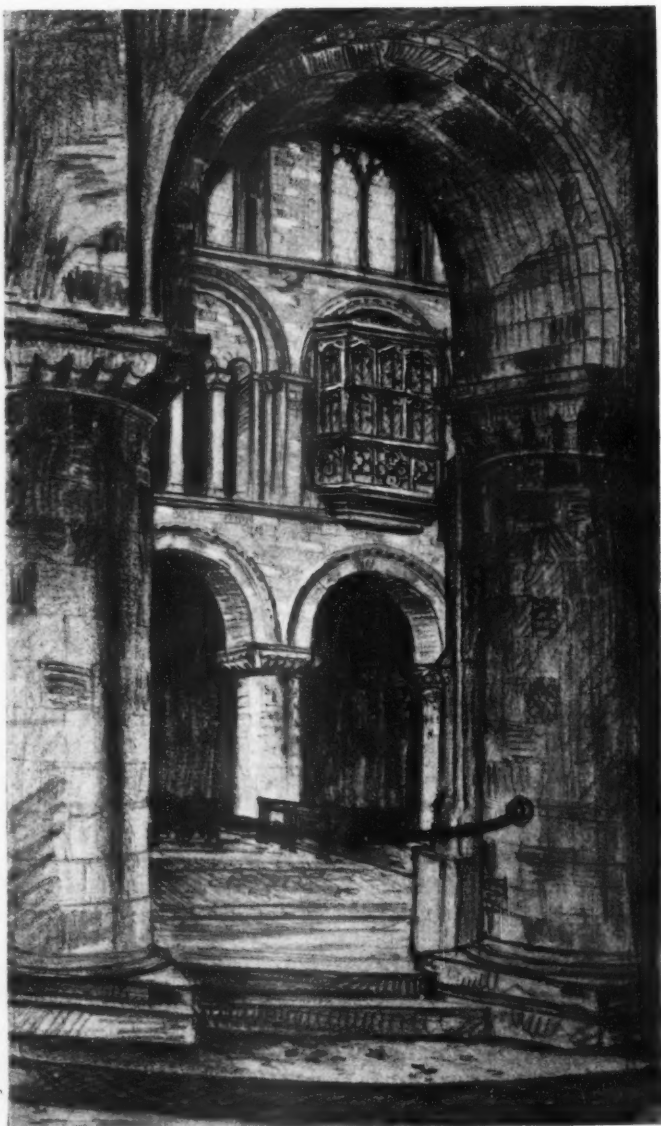
## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

type-founder, at one time set up his printing business, taking Benjamin Franklin as an apprentice. A tobacco shop and a black-smith's forge have both been lodged in the transepts.

There are few things more pathetic than the struggle this splendid old church has had, and is having even now, to preserve its identity against the constant encroachment of secular buildings which, at times when funds have been low, has been almost impossible to resist or cope with. In more recent years, however, excellent progress has been made in the restoration, not only of its beautiful fabric, but of its land rights as well.

The present tower, which is directly over the entrance of the church, is of brick and was built in 1628, although it was slightly altered in the XIXth century. In fact, a large portion of the exterior of the building has been subjected to a restoration which was apparently undertaken with little thought of preserving the original Norman design which so completely dominates the interior. In the tower there is a peal of five bells which

bear the foundry mark of Thomas Bullesdon, a bell-founder of note who flourished early in the sixteenth century.



A VISTA FROM THE AMBULATORY, SHOWING THE SLIM NORMAN SHAFTS IMPOSED UPON THE HEAVY LOWER ARCHES, AND PART OF THE CLERESTORY WINDOWS.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

From within the western portal there is a fine vista down the south aisle, but by far the best view of the church is had from the organ loft at the extreme west end. The softness of the light which filters through the high clerestory windows and sheds its brightness upon the ancient walls, the death-like stillness, and the usual musty odor of old masonry, cause a host of memories to rush into one's mind—memories of the days when the place was tenanted with the devout monks of the Middle Ages; and one can almost see, with half closed eyes, the habited brethren passing to and fro through the sanctuary and aisles on the round of their daily duties.

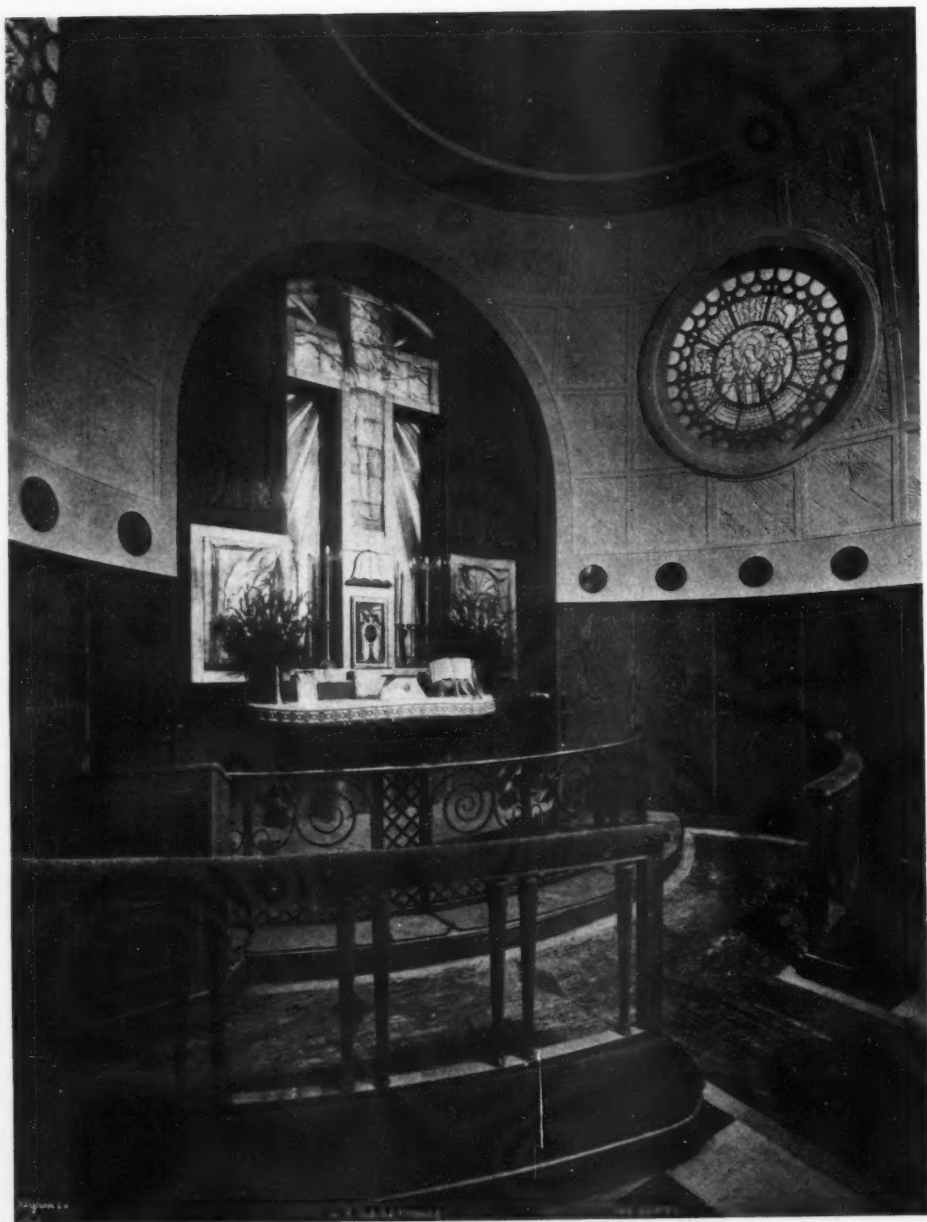
In each of the north and south walls there is a series of five bays of superimposed Norman arches, terminating at the east end with a semicircular apse, and around the church a broad ambulatory extending from the north transept to the west entrance. Immediately over the lower arches, which rest on heavy Norman columns, is another series, those of the triforium. These are directly over the arches below and in each the space under the broad tympanum is divided into four narrow apertures by thin Norman columns. For many years these were bricked up and, in fact, remained so until 1840. The heavy piers which support the lower arches, the triforium above, and the vaulting over the aisles are excellent specimens of the best period of the Norman style.

The clerestory was added at a later date than that of the lower walls, probably early in the fifteenth century. In its recesses are pointed windows which have plain glass and be-

tween them are longitudinally perforated piers which form a passageway the entire length of the building. On the south side, in one of the bays of the triforium, is a beautiful oriel window, placed there by Prior Bolton and bearing his carved rebus, a bolt and a tun. It is possible that this was intended for a royal pew, or a watch-loft, but it is more likely that, as it had direct communication with his lodgings, it was used by the Prior himself, and that from there he watched the Mass.

In the chancel, at the left, is a tomb with a vaulted canopy and tabernacle work of the fifteenth century. In it lies the body of Rahere. On it is his full length effigy, the hands raised in prayer. At each side of the figure there kneels a Canon reading the passage from Isaiah which foretells that "the Lord shall comfort Sion and her waste places, and make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord". It is thought that this was intended to allude to Rahere's founding his Priory and Hospital on the poor lands of Smithfield.

The great achievements in monastic art and building were due not alone to those who schemed and planned them but also, and possibly to an even greater extent, to those who were entrusted with the carrying out of those designs; those who labored with no thought of remuneration, with all their powers of body, mind, and soul; so that they might produce a worthy manifestation of their faith in God. It was by such men as these that the glorious fabric of Saint Bartholomew The Great was created.



THE CHAPEL OF THE STEAMSHIP "ÎLE DE FRANCE" IS MODERN TO THE LAST WORD WHILE PERFECTLY MAINTAINING THE RELIGIOUS AND AESTHETIC QUALITIES WE EXPECT TO FIND IN SUCH A PLACE.

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# L'ART MODERNE GOES TO SEA

By MATHEW BEECHER

(Illustrated with photographs by the Byron Studios)

(Art, as applied to naval architecture, is always a fascinating theme. Almost from the earliest periods of history, art has played a more or less essential part in the construction of vessels. The war galleys of the Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans, the great pleasure barges of Cleopatra and of the Roman Emperors on Lake Nemi, and in later times the vessels of almost every nation have relied to some extent upon art to relieve the severity of the lines imposed upon sea-going craft by necessity. Reference to the illuminating article by Rear Admiral Snow, C.C., U. S. N., which appeared in *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY* in February, 1926 (Vol. XXI, No. 2), will show that elaborate decorations disappeared from the British Navy, so far as carving was concerned, in 1700-1703, and that the United States issued similar instructions regarding elaborate figureheads and bow scrolls in 1908. Now comes the most lavish example of marine decoration in the new flagship of the *Compagnie Generale Transatlantique*. Mr. Beecher, himself an artist, attacks his theme with authority and the intimate knowledge born of practical experience. Whether or not, as the author observes, one likes or detests the effects produced by this expressionistic modern art, the fact remains that it has "arrived", and the attitude of the French Line toward it marks an epoch in decoration as important as it was costly to achieve.)

IT is doubtful that, except in France, a project so vital to the financial and practical needs of a nation could anywhere be staked on a gamble with odds so long as that attendant upon the furnishing and decorating of the steamship *Île de France*. Sixth largest ship in size, with possibilities of speedy crossings that might eventually wrest the laurel from the present record-holder, it was a faith invincible which made the French decide to decorate her in the ultra modern school.

It was no half-way, half-hearted fulfilling of an idea. If the "ultra" was to be the motif, then it would be—regardless. At least so it seems to the chance observer.

With all the objections, obvious and otherwise, fully in mind and intelligently discounted, a group of artists was given an order and an opportunity that must have made their pulses quicken—an opportunity to create—to design at will, fancy free, their conception of what color, architecture, furniture and lighting should be on a modern liner. It was not to be another renaissance—a refurnishing of half-forgotten formulae and designs. It was to be a distinct creation.

The name "Modern Art" is really a misnomer. All art of the period in which was conceived and produced was considered "modern" art. Only by the slow passage of time have the various forms fallen into what is loosely termed "classic" or "ancient" art. Through the ages, many forms of "new" art have grown and thrived for a while, gradually blending into the mellowed tone of the background already formed by tradition.

Rarely has art been so free and spontaneously accepted by the public as this comparatively recent upheaval. The occasional charge of "freakishness" by some is not sufficient cause to abandon it. To call it "incoherent" is merely to show one's ignorance of line and form—the hand-maidens of beauty. Certainly, it is strange, but constant association with it produces a pleasing effect, more soothing and lasting than that of many of the "periods" so highly approved and accepted. For it reflects not only vitality, but more particularly the French creative spirit, as we know it.

This is a new age and this art clearly indicates it—has been inspired by it. The *Île de France*, the largest post-war ship of any nation and the flagship of





ONLY THE FINEST PERCEPTION COULD HAVE RESISTED THE TEMPTATION TO RUIN THIS MAGNIFICENT FOYER WITH MEANINGLESS DECORATION WHICH, HOWEVER DECORATIVE, WOULD HAVE DESPOILED ITS BEAUTIFUL AUSTERITY.

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DRAWING-ROOM OF THE GRANDE SUITE DE LUXE ON THE "ÎLE DE FRANCE". THE ARTIST SUCCEEDED PERFECTLY IN CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE OF SIMPLICITY THROUGH ELEGANCE WHICH IS NOWHERE OBTRUSIVE.

the French Line fleet, was the second opportunity the French took to tell the world that the new art had come to stay.

Two years ago, Paris played host to the hordes of artists and the carnival of ideas called the "Exhibition des Arts Decoratifs". That was the first. Out of that, countless interiors and exteriors were conceived and quickly became a reality. A suggestion of the new liner then building at St. Nazaire was given in two theoretical *de luxe* cabins for a transatlantic liner.

The second was the *Île de France*, hailed as an ambassador for almost everything except what she really

meant—the ambassador extraordinary, representing the future.

Germain Seligmann has said that the ship is "an amazing unit of artistic creations in which the new traditions of French craftsmanship are worthy of the old. With my own love for antique tradition, especially of the eighteenth century, I am all the more keenly aware of the beauty with which it is replete and realize its importance as a significant development in art. In my daily life, I am surrounded by the beautiful objects of ancient days, but I assure you that whoever loves beauty truly will find its essence in these strange, new forms. Above all, I



WITH A CRAFTSMANSHIP WHICH WOULD DO CREDIT TO MEDIAEVAL GILDSMEN, THE MODERN FRENCH METAL-  
WORKERS HAVE WROUGHT THEIR DREAMS INTO TANGIBLE BEAUTY, AS IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE GRANDE SUITE.

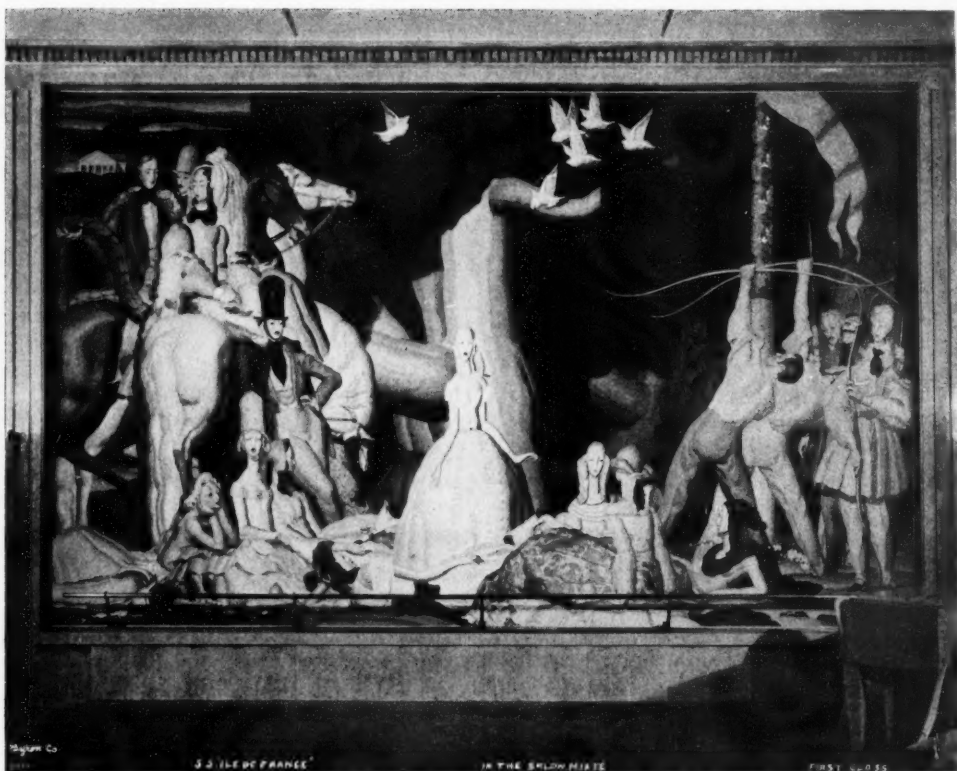
admire the courage that so modern an experiment in decoration required, and I am proud that the French flag is carried across the sea by such a magnificent epitome and symbol of its creative spirit."

Suppose we go on board at Havre for the maiden voyage. It will give us time to look her over. We can forget the mechanical equipment, being assured that French engineering skill will be equal to modern technical demands. We will devote our interest to the artistic—to the great vessel's trousseau, if you will.

The very first impression is vastness. A spaciousness that is deceiving. It

seems almost impossible to have that amount of space on a boat, however large.

The foyer is at the foot of a great well four decks deep. It has been called the floating Rue de la Paix. Little band-box shops catering to the whims of the forgetful or the over-anxious—depending on which way they are travelling—surround you on all sides. The stairway of black wrought-iron by Subes follows all the way to the top, opening on an array of color and originality. The color is confined to gorgeous drapes by Rodier. They are truly representative of his finest effort, combining blue with vermillion and white in such



ONE OF THE BRILLIANT PANELS IN THE SALON MIXTE OF THE "ÎLE DE FRANCE."

fashion as to make you forget primitiveness and marvel at the harmonious balance. They hang from eight sixteen-foot windows, falling in many thick folds, giving a pattern variety. The ensemble of the room is a warm grey. Even the furniture is in this spirit, being in ivory, uniquely polished, with silver grey velvet and silver mounting.

Four white porcelain urns stand at each corner, throwing a soft beam of light to the vaulted ceiling from their depths. These are from Sevres, the national pottery works of France, and bring with them a tradition of craftsmanship quickly attested by their graceful lines.

A group carved from golden oak and in the natural finish of this beautiful wood, has its back to an octagonal mirror, large enough to duplicate the entire room in reflection. The figures represent *Youth and Love* and are the work of Janniot, renowned for his frankness in delineation, yet with sufficient moderation to make it acceptable to the layman. At the opposite end is a modernist mural by Dupas. The tone has been deliberately greyed to harmonize more effectively with the *tout ensemble*.

A mirrored corridor of glass and superbly polished Madagascar Palisander wood, framed in mahogany and Mapanese plane-tree, leads to the

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Grand Salon. Like a temple devoted to the personification, in gilt stone, of the Rivers Seine, Oise, Marne and Aisne, the Grand Salon really is the centre of most formal activities. The walls are panelled in lacquered wood with inserts of engraved glass, dusted in silver. Desvallières conceived the wrought-iron console table which is set against a large mirror.

Bibenga wood was used for the scattered large and small tables. They serve as myriad centres for the wide velvet and golden damask covered chairs. Large sofas covered by tapestries from the Aubusson works, each representing a château in the province

of Île de France, add to the splendor. Dancing under mellowed lights on an enormous glistening floor, radiant with tiny, flashing feet in confetti colors, one feels the confidence of the new age, represented by this interpretation.

A children's playroom created—but all this ship is a creation—by M. Dufet, is panelled in gayly colored wood with plinths of marble and pilasters in maple. Wood batiks, comical and fanciful, line the walls, and silvered dolphins playfully enter into the spirit that properly belongs to this room, lending their upturned tails for the lighting along the wall. Punch and Judy—Guignol—plays to a crowded



ONE OF THE WROUGHT GATEWAYS OF THE SALON MIXTE, AS ELEGANT AND SATISFYING AS IT IS RUGGED IN CONSTRUCTION.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

house of grown-ups and children each day. Tiny furniture has been provided for the children's comfort, but even this fails to keep the grown-ups away.

Our conception of a gymnasium is usually a severe, medical white, cover-

pooing rooms; a steel bulkhead enclosing a shooting gallery; and this but sketches the equipment. The children, moreover, were not abandoned to the Guignol. For them there is a gymnasium in miniature, including a fair-sized merry-go-round.



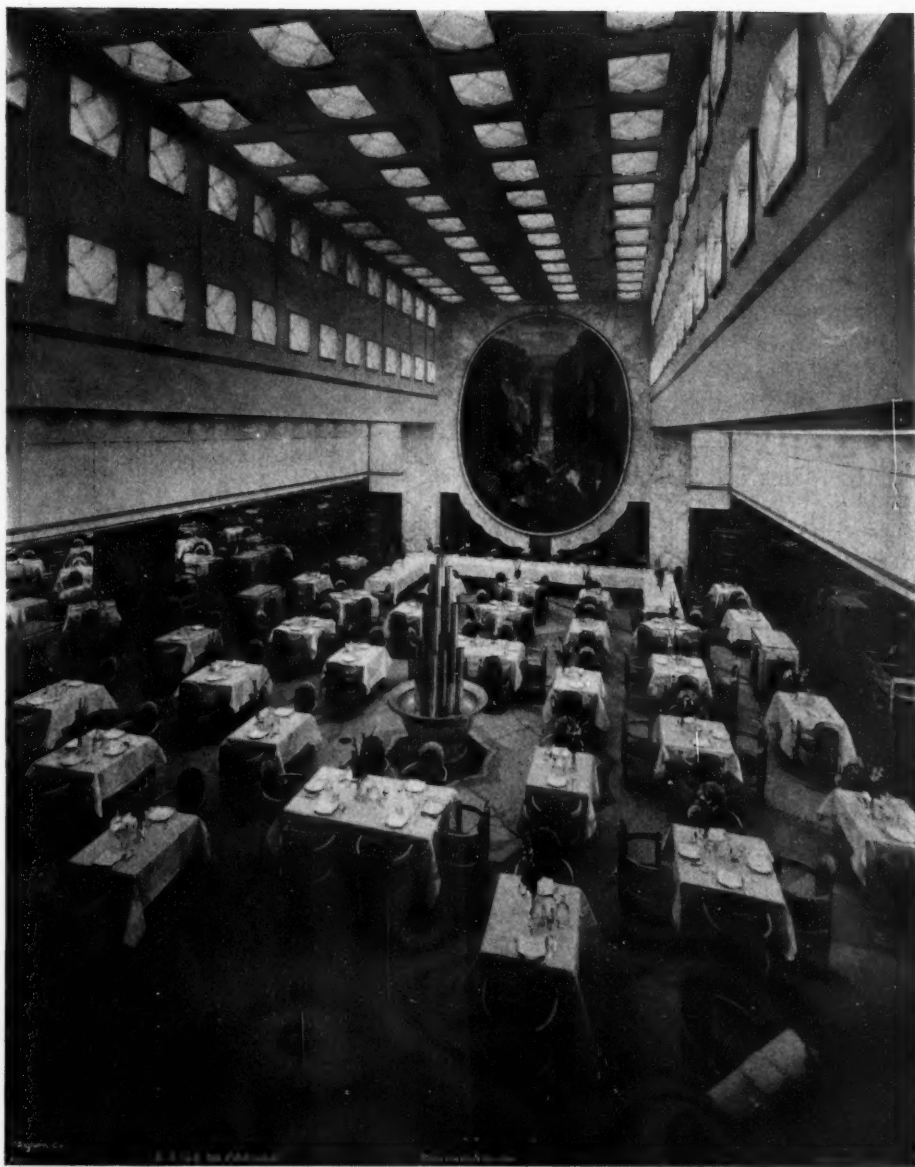
STATUARY, MARBLES, TAPESTRY, GLASS, UPHOLSTERY—EVERY PART OF AN HARMONIOUS ENSEMBLE IS PRESENT IN THE VAST GRAND SALON, WHOSE SPACIOUSNESS IS DECEPTIVE.

ing severer architecture. Complicated equipment usually heightens the feeling. Imagine, then, varnished wild-cherry pilasters separating sycamore panels surrounding every modern assistance for generous exercise. Apparatus, electrically and hand driven, for all sorts of physical diversion; shower baths, electric baths and sham-

And down a few decks begins the magnificent dining room, probably the largest afloat. Certainly, it is the only one that has successfully captured sunlight. Lalique, with moulded glass of soft honey-color, has performed a miracle of artificial lighting. These choice squares pour a flood of pleasing light on a variety of grey marble, quar-



THE DINING SALON OF THE "ÎLE DE FRANCE" IS INCREDIBLE. NOTHING LIKE IT WAS EVER CONCEIVED BEFORE AS PART OF A SHIP.



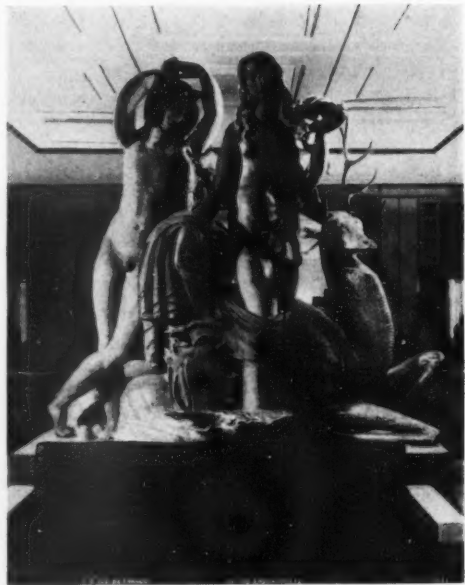
THE MORE BOTH THE ARCHITECTURE AND THE DECORATIVE SCHEME ARE STUDIED,  
THE MORE CLEARLY THEIR TECHNICAL SOUNDNESS APPEAR.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

ried in the Pyrenees. Two white pillars of marble—giant sentinels—guard the staircase as it mounts like an altar beneath the decorative painting outlining the *Île de France* and the streaming rivers. Facing it at the other end is an oval painting of a hunting party in a forest of the *Île de France*, by Edy Legraud and Voguet. It is framed in all its bigness by grey scalloped marble.

A unique and fascinating fountain sits proudly in the centre. Navarre has placed in close relation, and at different heights, long, slender tubes of silver and gold set in a graceful bowl. The water overflows slowly, trickling down the sides of each tube, giving a sparkle of dancing highlights as elusive as the tone of green that covers the white ash chairs.

While the entire ship is full of novelty, surprise forms, color schemes and materials new in shipbuilding,



THE ULTRA-MODERN NOTE IS STRUCK SHARPLY IN THIS STATUARY GROUP IN THE SALON MIXTE.



SPECIALLY WOVEN TAPESTRIES AND UNUSUAL MIRRORS ADD TO THE GLAMOR OF THE MAIN SALON.

none is so surely of the age to come as the Smoking Room. Here is clear bravado: a room complete in angles of dark sycamore, edged with dull silver; cornices of black pear, silver-lacquered, with genuine ivory inlaid work; angular stairways, leading to the verandah cafe, striped in uniform old silver bands running vertically, giving endless height to the room. A pictorial description of North Africa serves as a mural covering one entire end of the room. On each side, triangles of blue, pink and ivory lacquer give the characteristic modern decorative touch.

There seems little the imagination has failed to press into service in the producing of effects for this boat. Wood from all the colonies as far as Madagascar, marbles in delicately shaded greys and pure white, velvets, tapestries, silks, vie with wrought-



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THE HAND-WROUGHT IRON DOOR OF THE CHAPEL IS A FITTING SEAL TO SUCH A JEWEL-CASKET AS THE CHAPEL ITSELF.

iron, silver and what has become precious glass.

There is a sense of being in at the dawn of new things. The *Île de France* is as prophetic as was Goya. She is really the threshold of a world of art and design yet to be entered. She is a courier of what imagination can do. Whether people like it or not, new ideas of art are being formulated. No longer will the old standards do for all purposes. Today art is increasing its range of expression. It is throwing off the fetters of tradition and its barnacled restrictions. This revolution has been going on in attic studios for years. The Academicians ignored these pioneers as disappointed artists, helpless and hopelessly floundering for an outlet of expression. Today, ten million dollars' worth of French faith in these ideas and her artists, floats up to our shores, proudly, naively, saying "look me over".

There's a sly French twinkle in her eye, too.

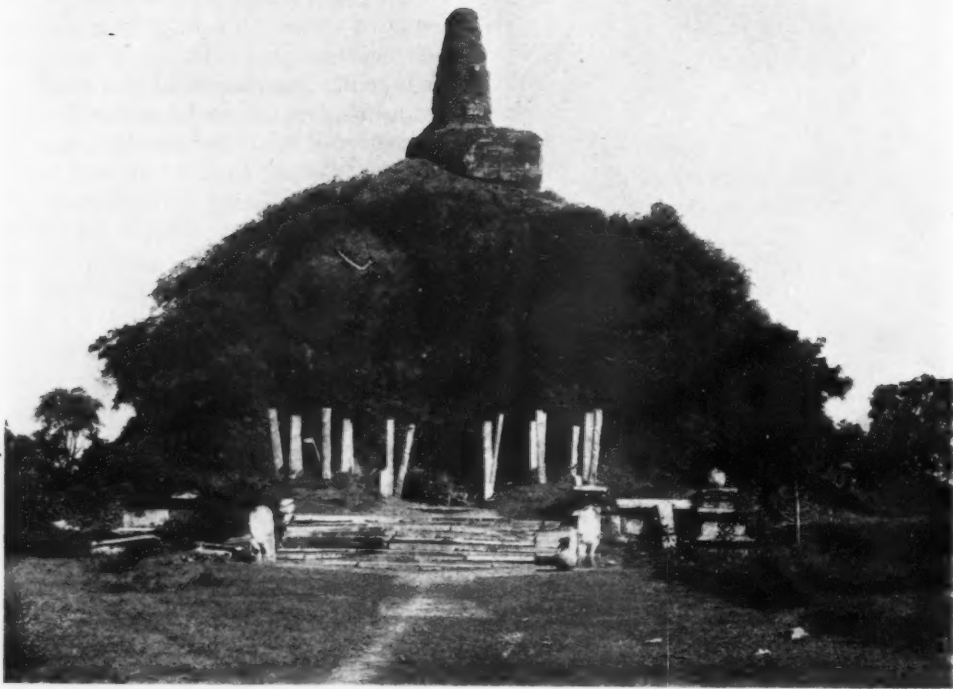
## SPANISH CATHEDRAL ARCHITECTURE

(Concluded from Page 74)

At one stroke they thus clove away the French influence, substituting an Hispanic idealism for the former tendency. This, it is true, quite destroys the French principle of pointing everything toward the High Altar, of leading everything forward through a forest of columns in an almost hysterical accent upon cult. The Spanish method is at once more logical and more satisfying.

The great structure east of the crossing containing the Altar Mayor and its twin to the west surrounding the choir, date back in source through all the long centuries to the *cella* of the Greek and Roman temples, to that internal sanctuary of still earlier faiths which added the secrecy of its enclos-

ing walls to the spell of the whole, and kept apart for the ministrants one section of the temple into whose sacred precincts the worshipper dared not intrude. Of the beauty and richness of these sanctuaries it is needless to speak in detail. All that architect, sculptor, painter and iron-worker could do to render them worthy parts of the cathedral was done with lavish hand. From bleak León in the northwest to languorous Sevilla in the perfumed south, these choir and chapel enclosures—small but rich, jewel-like cathedrals in themselves—are the dominant note, the tonic accent, the most significant interpretation of our character, both social and religious.



ABHAYAGIRI TOPE, FOUNDED 1ST CENTURY B. C., AND ENLARGED 2ND CENTURY A. D.

## THE ROLE OF THE TOPE IN SINHALESE RELIGIOUS LIFE

By A. M. HOCART

*Archaeological Commissioner of Ceylon.*

*Illustrations furnished by the Government of Ceylon.*

THE word shrine conveys to our minds the idea of a hollow building in which men go to meet their god. In spite of all the reminders of prophets and philosophers that God is not to be found here or there but everywhere, men continue to seek Him indoors. The connection between worship and the temple is so rooted in our minds that we are apt to assume it represents an innate and universal ten-

dency of human nature. Though it is true that most races of the world lodge their gods in houses, there are exceptions, of which the Buddhists are perhaps the most notable.

The centre of early Buddhist worship was a hemispherical mass of stone or brick called a *stupa*, or *thupa*, but which we will less learnedly call by its Anglo-Indian name of *tope*. This hemisphere was, or rather is, sur-



THE RESTORED THUPARAMA, FOUNDED III<sup>RD</sup> CENTURY B. C.

mounted by a square mass in the middle of which rises a pinnacle surmounted by a brass parasol. Inside the hemisphere were deposited some relics of the Buddha which were the object of devotion.

The Sinhalese have innovated very little in the matter of religion, and so to this day the tope is the centre of their worship and the symbol of their creed. If we look down from a hill upon cultivated lands we are sure to descry somewhere in the landscape a white dome and pinnacle. In the wilder parts of the island the miserable, disease-ridden villagers often have not the resources to maintain a Buddhist priest or erect a tope, so they apply themselves to the worship of demons; but sometimes their consciences are awakened by an epidemic or other

calamity, and they invite a priest to take up his residence among them and project the rebuilding of the small ruined tope which is sure to exist close by.

At each of the four quarters of a tope there is usually an altar on which the worshippers deposit flowers, the most characteristic and pleasing feature of Buddhist worship. The lighting of candles they share with other religions, though I have nowhere seen such a passion for setting candles as close as possible to the object of worship, to the great detriment of the stones.

The open-air nature of the worship at a tope has doubtless contributed to make Buddhism so largely a matter of private devotions. There are ceremonies performed by the priests, but

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they are treated merely as just another opportunity—doubtless a more meritorious one—of performing one's private devotions: the worshippers bring their flowers, light their candles, kneel, and bow down, repeating the sacred texts, but taking no part in the ritual, and know scarcely what it is about. The religion that centres round the tope is therefore to a great extent one of each man his own priest, and one very unpleasant feature of Hinduism is absent: namely, the unseemly haggling over the priest's fees, which one may see any day in Benares. The great object of Buddhist religion is to acquire merit, and worship at a tope is one effective way of gaining merit. The holier the tope the greater the merit. The holiest in Ceylon are almost all in

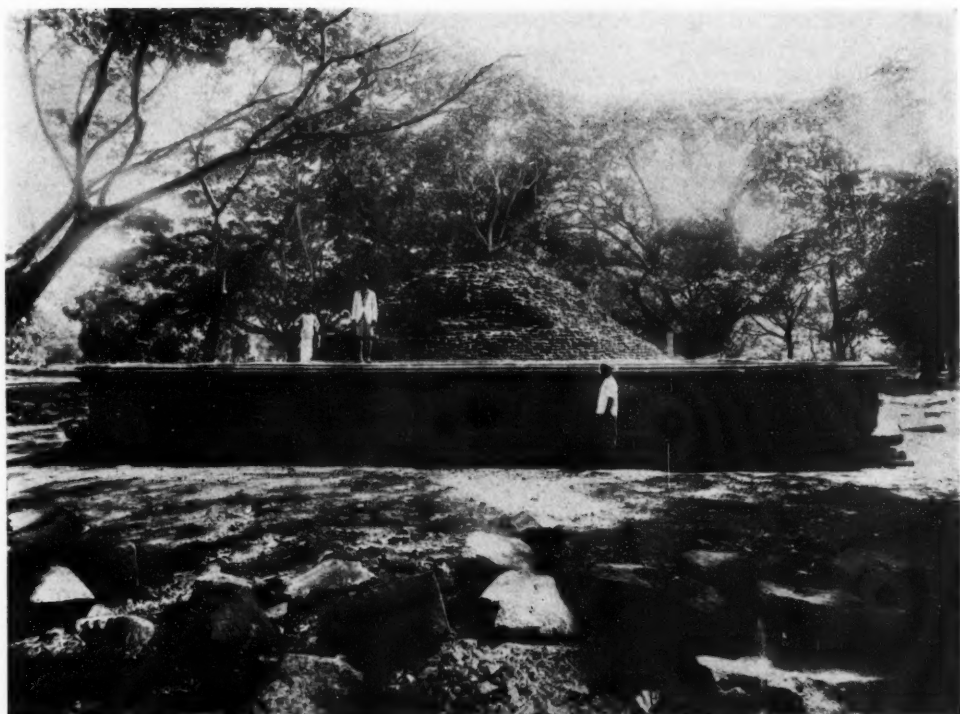
the ancient capital of Anuradhapura, which was the centre of Buddhism in Ceylon from the time of its introduction into that island till the Tamils finally drove out the Sinhalese about the tenth century A. D.

In the first century B. C. the national hero Dutthagamani, who drove out the Tamil invaders, set the fashion of building topes of colossal size. He built two, seeking in the second to surpass his first effort; hence it was called the Great Tope, at the present day Ruwanvāli Sāya, or Golden Sand Tope. Later kings built the Abhayagiri and the Jetavanarama; but the Great Tope remained the favorite by reason of its founder, the deliverer of the people and champion of the Buddhist Church. Its original size was about 300 ft.



INDIKATU SAYA, 9TH CENTURY.



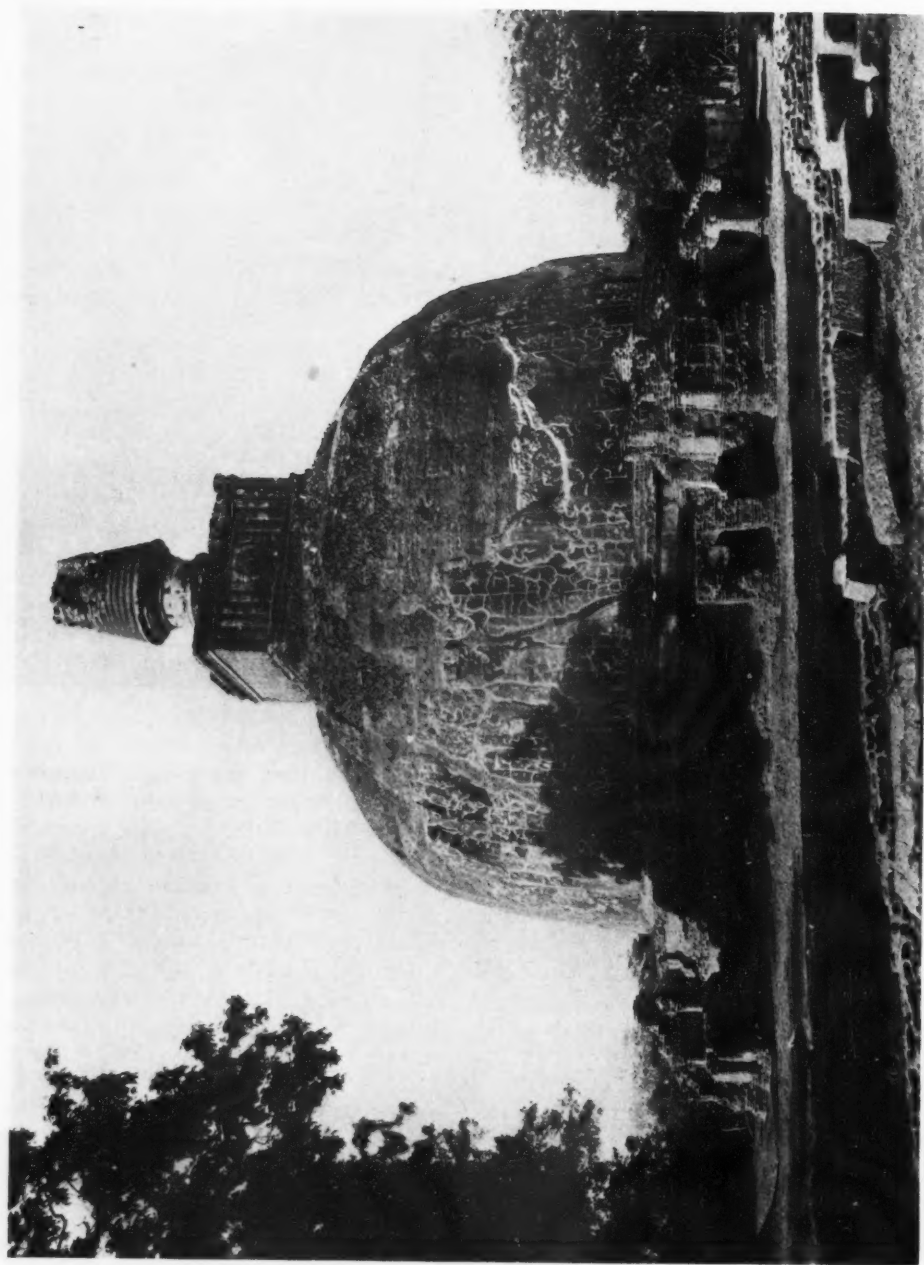


SELACAITIYA, 9TH CENTURY.

These topes annually attract many thousands of pilgrims.

The best time for a pilgrimage to a tope is a quarter-moon day, and of the quarters of the moon the full moon is the best. Of all the full moon days in the year those preferred for a journey to Anuradhapura are Vāsak, the Buddhist Christmas, in May, Posen in June, and the July full moon. Of these three days the Posen pilgrimage is by far the biggest. About 100,000 pilgrims then come in by train, by bus, or by cart. They camp all over the town—now reduced to the size of a big village—but fortunately well provided with parks. Camping arrangements are simple because in that part of the island May, June and July are prac-

tically rainless months. Those who have watched a Posen crowd will realize how readily a tope lends itself to big pilgrimages; it imposes no limit on numbers, for there is no closed shrine into which the pilgrims must jostle their way in order to complete their pilgrimage. One of the most important cults in Ceylon since the fifth century A. D. is that of the Tooth of the Buddha, now located in Kandy; but its worship is distributed over every day of the year: it could never attract in one "go" the immense crowds that flock to Anuradhapura, because it is lodged in a diminutive temple which can barely hold two hundred pushing, perspiring worshippers, and can only admit them at stated



KIRIVEHERA, 12TH CENTURY.

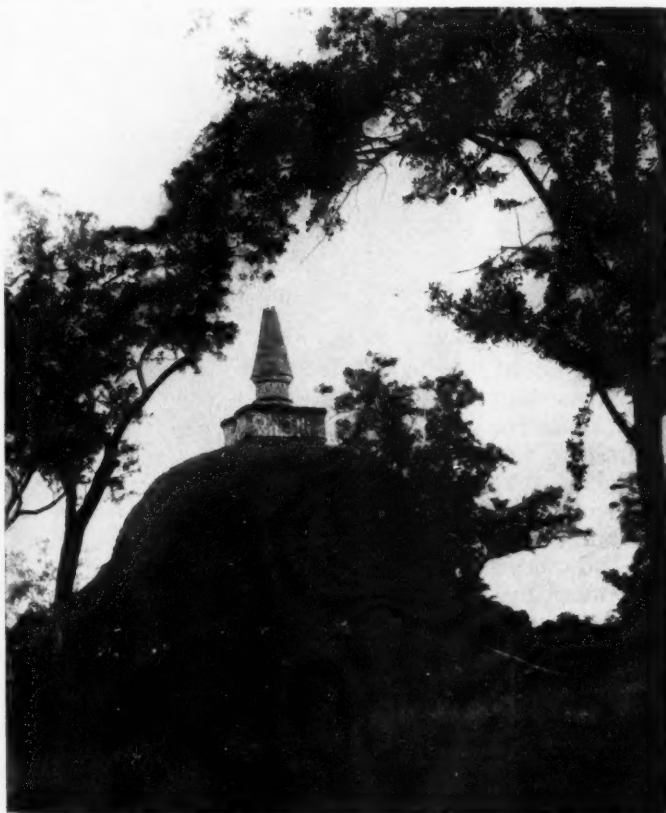
## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

periods of the day. In Anuradhapura the sky is the roof and the worship is confined by no walls, but the tope can be worshipped from far or near; there are no hours, but the pilgrims wend their way from one tope to another singing hymns and carrying offerings of flowers and candles.

Such an open air cult can, of course, flourish only in a country of much sunshine, and where the weather can be depended upon. Had we Europeans inherited from our forefathers the tope we should have done what the Japanese have done, and eliminated it in favor of the hollow shrine.

Apart from the protection it affords against the weather the temple evidently has a certain psychological appeal, and the tope finds in it a serious rival even in its own climate. I have mentioned the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy, which is the national temple of Ceylon. Between the fourth and the eleventh centuries of our era the tope under Mahayanist and Hindu influence seems to have receded in popular favor and to have had to share the honors with the temple. Small topes continued to be built, but the colossal type seems to have fallen into disfavor.

It was revived in the twelfth century, a period of Sinhalese reaction under the leadership of Parakrama Bahu I, who seems to have taken the ancient hero Dutthagamani as his model. The Hindu influence, however, had left its mark: the Temple of the Tooth has lost nothing of its prestige. The tope has had to accept the temple as a partner. It seldom stands alone but usually has a temple attached to it, often a temple of the gods. The tope is generally one of a group, and it cannot be said that it is always the principal one. It still remains, however, typical of Buddhism, whereas no other type of shrine can claim to be so. So far European influence does not seem to have added to it any new features.



RANKOT VEHERA, 13TH CENTURY.

# THE ANCIENT HOUSE OF THE SAN DIEGUENO INDIAN

By MELICENT HUMANSON LEE

*Illustrated with photographs by the Author*

THE INDIAN chose the materials for his ancient house as naturally as the bird selects the fiber for its nest. He drew from his environment. Each tribe of the San Diegueño or Mission Indians built a slightly different house, according to location, personal prejudice, and need. A mountain between two tribes would suffice to modify the elements used in construction. Different shrubs grow on either side of the mountain. Consequently, one cannot possibly describe the exact type of the San Diegueño house, though it was generally the same, except in high mountain localities where it was more heavily constructed. As there are variations of nests by the same species of bird, so there are variations of houses by these San Diegueños.

I have chosen to describe the type built by a group of Indians living about thirty-five miles due east from San Diego on the site of an old *ranchería* hidden away by the mountains. Lorenzo, the thinker of his tribe, built it for me on my own land, much to the amusement of the other Indians, who regard themselves highly advanced after the manner of the Americans. Lorenzo is a philosopher, an observer, a poet. If he had lived in minstrel days he would have been a minstrel; and he speaks of the customs of three centuries ago as though they were in evidence today. He lives backward far along the path of his fathers.

He built me this house with the aid of a half-breed who could not conceive

the house until it was perfected. He worked only under Lorenzo's direction. And he said: "We couldn't have built it if Lorenzo hadn't seen clear."

The location was carefully chosen: a warm, sunny triangle between two gentle slopes clothed in brush and oak



"HE DREW FROM HIS ENVIRONMENT."



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trees protecting it from both the east and west winds. The Indians despise wind.

The site chosen was imbued with the feeling of a departed people. Shards of red pottery strewed the ground, flakes of arrow heads, and large irregular chunks of stock, from which delicate implements had been devised. Off to one side, under a mossy old oak, about fifteen feet from the site of the house, lay a large flat rock, the surface of which was interrupted by a solitary hole, deep and slender—a pot-hole, so-called, chipped out of the rock and used as a pit in which to grind acorns. An ancient stone pestle lay in the grasses by its side. One seldom finds a solitary hole, as the Indian women flock together like crows and prefer to grind in company. In this case a woman must have ground her meal in solitude, as there were no other indications of pitted rocks.

Lorenzo circled over the chosen site, pacing out the immediate spot from which the new house was to arise.



"THE POLES WERE . . . FASTENED SECURELY AT THE TOP."



"THE LEAVES WERE . . . FLAPPED OVER THE FIRE."

When he had travelled around twice he was satisfied.

"Here it is to be," he said.

The brush was then cleared away, and the inside of the circle, with the addition of an extra foot, was levelled off. In this case modern implements were used as we were rather pressed for time. Poles were then cut for the framework — young sycamores and oaks. In the old days the saplings would have been felled with a rock. Then post holes were dug. In the old days again, the holes would have been dug by branches cut from the tough

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"MUST BE LIKE AN EGG."

wild lilac whose purple blossoms spattered the rocks by the creek.

The heavier poles, about six of them, were set straight into the ground, and later the slender ones were placed between, until twelve poles formed the circle. The larger poles were all of sycamore: the lesser ones both sycamore and oak. The sycamore bends more easily than oak.

Now the poles had to be drawn together and tied at the top. No string or cord was available, so a search was begun for the *sha-a*—the *Yucca Mohavensis*. The tips of its stiffly radiating leaves are very sharp, and one feels as though plucking quills from a porcupine. Sometimes the Indians had to go on a two or three days journey to procure the leaves of this plant for their houses, always travelling for some distance if they were building a group of houses and the surrounding yucca was not long-leaved. For a house or two it did not matter: the short leaves sufficed.

When the leaves were gathered a fire was started, and they were held in a bunch at the base and flapped over the fire, caution being taken not to shrivel the tender ends. After the leaf is roasted it looks like the skin of a very ripe banana, and is as pliable. Two leaves were then tied together. In the case of a much longer leaf this would have been unnecessary. These leaves were about eighteen inches long. The knots were not very easy to make, however, as the blunt ends of the leaf were thick and clumsy; or, if the leaf



"THE THREADED NEEDLE OF WOOD."

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were too young and juicy, the knot would not hold. Quantities of these knots had to be tied—an entire morning with all three of us tying scarcely sufficed for the task. The poles were then drawn together and over, and fastened securely at the top and along the shoulders of the structure, until the frame resembled an old-fashioned beehive.

"Must be like egg," insisted Lorenzo. "Not flat."

An opening was considered for the door. Lorenzo crawled into the framework again.

"Door must be so high," he declared, placing his hand about thirty inches from the ground. "Must be arch. No square. Indian long time ago no *sabe* square. How he going to make the door? No can make the door square. Only *sabe sa-wil* (the round winnowing-tray). Everything the Indian make, he make circles."

So Lorenzo cautiously bent an oak sapling and made an arched doorway.

"Spanish arch," I commented.

"No, no, *Patrón*," he said vehemently. "No Spanish arch. *Te-pi* (Indian) arch. The Spanish—they learn from us."

Two doorways exactly alike were constructed. The front doorway faced the South; the back one, with the mountain in the rear, faced the North.

"The west wind, he come in the day-time; the east wind, he come at night. Never blow into the house, *Patrón*. No."

Now the bare structure was completed, and ready for the thatch. Fortunately, this grew near at hand.

"If it no grow here," suggested Lorenzo, in a mellow mood, "we put on the *h'pull*, the basket cap, and the *hull-po*, the net, and the *hum-yow*, the fiber moccasins, and we go long way.



"TIER AFTER TIER OF BRUSH."

Bring it back. Go. Bring it back. Go. But now, more better."

The brush used for thatching was the *he-wal*, the deer-weed, which grows abundantly on hill-slopes of disintegrated granite. It was blooming at this time—a yellow pea-like blossom. Its leaves are small, set in clusters of three, similar to clover leaves but much finer; its stems are very wiry. Lorenzo grubbed it with a mattock, though it came out quite easily with a yank, as the earth was moist and the roots clung lightly. The bush grows to the height of four or five feet, and it is necessary to procure the entire

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

root which is essential for the strengthening of the thatch.

The actual grubbing required about two days. The men tied their bundles of brush with rope and carried them on their backs. In the old days either the woven net or the belt of mescal fiber which the Indian always wore, would have been used.

The first row of thatching began at the bottom, naturally, the leaves touching the ground and the roots sticking up. After thick bunches of leaves were set part of the way around, a pole was bent over them pressing them into shape. Then, while the half-breed held the pole in place, and Lorenzo set more brush along, I sat in the center of the unfinished house and poked a threaded needle of wood—the thread being the two parched yucca leaves tied together—through the mesh, so the brush could be tied to the pole.

The needle was fashioned from willow. It was about a yard long and sharpened to a fine point, the eye being in the center of the triangle at the end. The needle is slipped from the inside through the mesh over the pole inside, which corresponds to the pole outside; the worker outside unthreads the needle and holds the string; the needle is withdrawn, re-threaded with the other end of the strand, pushed through again, unthreaded outside, and the two ends tied over the pole. The knots are about a foot apart, except around the doorway, where they are tied more frequently. This prevents loose ends from dangling about the entrance. Tier after tier of brush is similarly placed until the top is reached, where much heavier thatch is laid and strapped down by poles put crosswise. Two wings of brush diverged from the entrance, effecting a sunny protected area for outside work in winter.

The completion of the hut brought a flow of reminiscence to Lorenzo. He remarked, peering through the entrance into the dark interior:

"Three sleep here, three here, three here." He indicated three places and mentally grouped the sleepers. "Nine people easy, *Patrón*. More could do."

The fire was built in the center on the dirt floor. Logs of fair size were used rather than kindlings, which throw many sparks. The smoke permeated easily through the mesh and did not befog the house at all. There was no smoke-hole.

The furnishings were simple. The *humo*, or mortar, and the *hum-mo-ki*, the pestle, were left in one corner in the rainy season and were taken outside in the summer; the *hu-pe*, or *metate*, and the *hu-pe-cha*, its rubbing-stone, stood nearby, and were also used outside in the dry season; the water and cooking *ollas* were generally kept in the hut, but the large storage *ollas* were taken to caves in the mountains. The *sa-wil* (winnowing tray), the *nya-pun*, or leaching-basket, the *ja-pa-tul*, a basket for seed, and smaller baskets were set around the edge of the room, and various articles were thrust into the framework. The Indian woman has a tendency today to put her implements and her unfinished baskets high up on shelves or rafters, and she has a passion for making a bag out of every material or garment that she possesses. I have seen woolen caps and underclothes of varied description tied into bags and hung on the wall, as receptacles for small objects. Undoubtedly the mescal or milkweed nets were used for this purpose, as carry-alls for articles to be put away from the rolling bodies and prying fingers of babies.

A sleeping mat was seldom used on the floor. The Indians usually slept on



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



"A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HOUSE."

the bare ground. This may explain the reason for the rheumatism so prevalent in the old days. Sometimes a deer-skin was thrown down, or a blanket of jackrabbit-skins for the very old, but the young seemed to prefer no mat. The *tule* mat was introduced by the Mexicans, and was not of Indian origin.

The father slept on one side of the hut with the boys of the family, and the mother with the girls, except in the case of a very large colony, when all the men slept in a large communal house and the women and children in their little houses. The communal house was a very old feature, and not remembered by most of the Indians. The family house just described was generally about nine feet high and sixteen feet in diameter. A large disk was loosely woven for a movable door. This was supplanted in later days by a rectangular door. By the door stood a

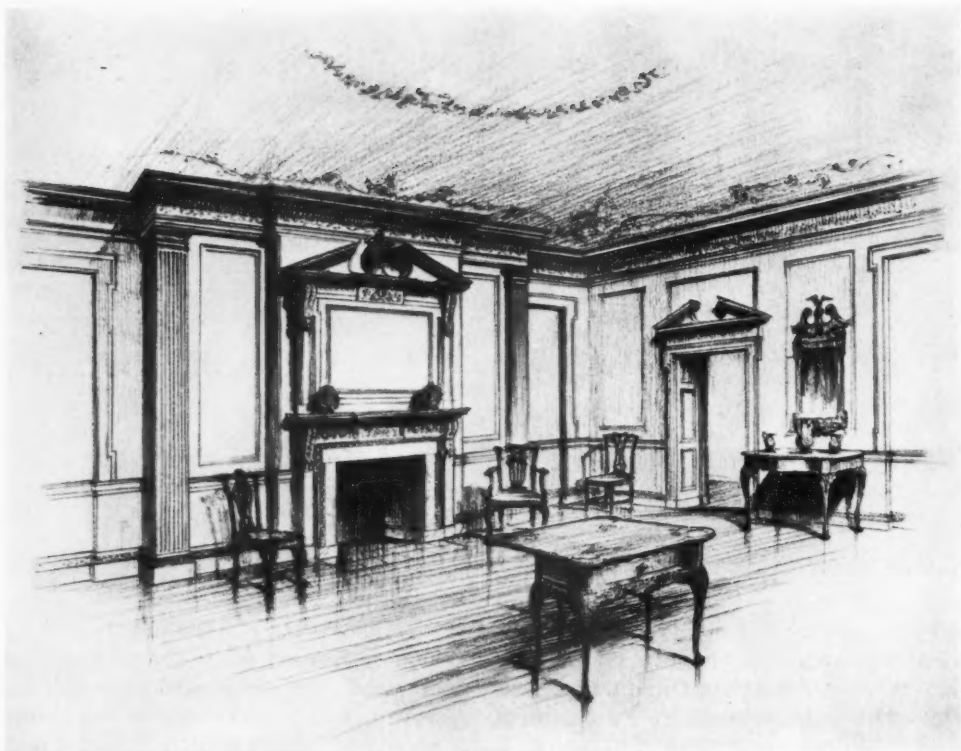
broom fashioned from the *he-wat*, the deer weed, probably used as much for whisking out spiders as for sweeping.

In the old days, after the house was finished—and this generally meant that from several to many houses were finished, for the Indians dwelt together in large colonies as a rule—a great *fiesta* was held, a messenger sent into Baja California and many tribes invited to attend the ceremonies. There was rejoicing for about two weeks.

"Not like *fiesta* today, *Patrón*," mused Lorenzo. "Two, three days? No. Big feast then. Hundreds come. The young men—they race. Now, no can race. Too much salt. Too much butter."

It was a gathering of the clans and the practice of natural gifts—strong muscles, quick wits. The modern *fiesta* is an odd mixture of eagle dances in costumes of eagle-feathers and silk

(Concluded on Page 108)



HISTORIC POWEL BALLROOM FOR PHILADELPHIA'S NEW MUSEUM OF ART.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

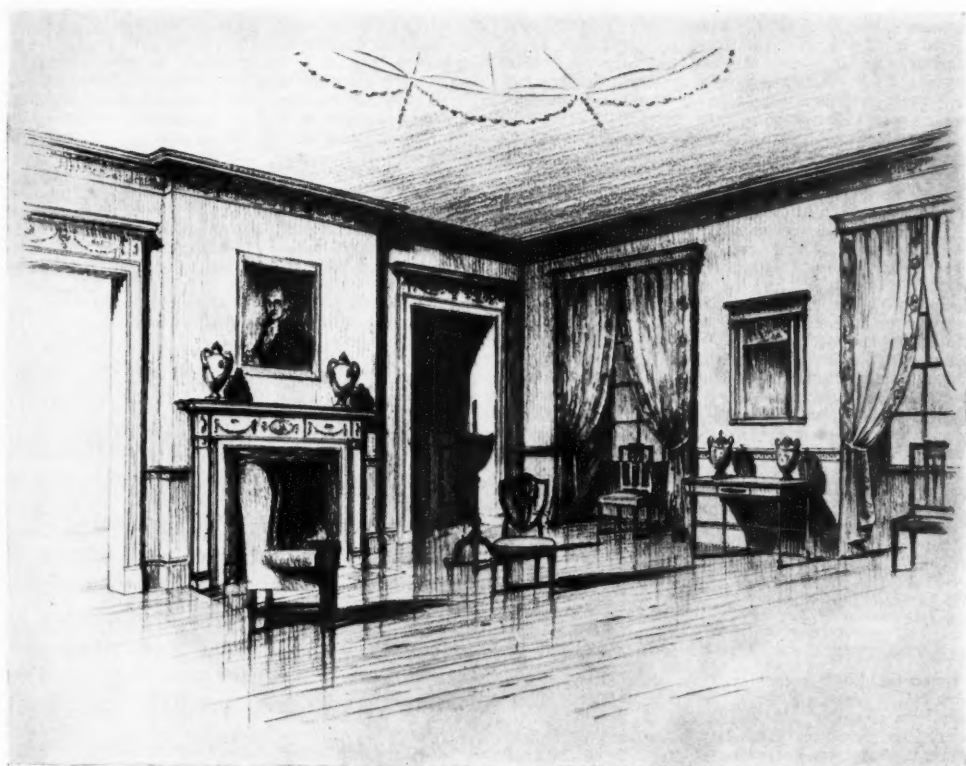
### HISTORIC ROOMS IN THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

More and more American museums are realizing that their most important function is public education. The ancient Chinese proverb that one picture is worth ten thousand words is especially applicable to public institutions which must of necessity appeal to the average level of intelligence. The Philadelphia Museum of Art, whose new building is slowly nearing the point of coherence, announces that the public will shortly be able to see in all their original significance the historic ballroom of the Samuel Powel residence, which was built in 1768, and the room designed by Bulfinch for the noted Ezekiel Derby house of 1799-1800 on Essex Street, Salem, Mass. Regrettably, space limitations prevent giving the interesting details of either of these authentic and interesting examples of American colonial design, and the reproductions on this and the next page must serve instead. When the Museum is completed, it will contain a series of no less than thirty-seven authentic period rooms flanking and leading into the main galleries, and affording a graphic educational exhibit of the evolution of architectural

design and decorative art. The importance of such a splendid exposition can hardly be overestimated in these days of decadent taste and loose thinking, and should exercise a permanent effect for good.

### GENGHIS KHAN'S TOMB NOT FOUND

The astonishing report recently given wide circulation by a London newspaper, to the effect that Colonel Kozloff, the Russian cartographer and explorer, had discovered the tomb of Genghis Khan, is not true, and Russian archaeologists have been quick to resent it. What really was "found" was the famous "Dead City" of Kharakhoto, destroyed by Genghis in 1220 A. D. Kozloff did not discover any of the tons of treasure said to have been buried by the defeated Kharatsantsun, but he did recover a library of some 300 Ssyya dialect manuscripts, a number of sacred writings, statuettes of gold, silver, bronze and wood, tapestries and sacred Buddhist pictures on paper, linen and cotton. The city itself was in the condition the Mongolians left it in, completely wrecked, seven centuries ago.



ROOM DESIGNED BY BULFINCH FOR THE DERBY HOUSE, SALEM, SOON TO BE OPENED IN PHILADELPHIA'S NEW ART MUSEUM.

#### REVIVAL OF THE DELPHIC FESTIVAL

During her recent visit to Washington, Mme. Eva Sikelianos of Delphi, Greece, outlined to a group of Philhellenes the purposes and scope of the Delphic Festival, as revived last April with the presentation in the ancient theatre at Delphi of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. This undertaking, the result of twenty-five years' work, does not confine itself to the production of a great tragic drama in one of the most renowned centers of classic Greece. In addition to the dramatic festival, the revival includes plans to organize athletic contests on the order of the Pythian Games, which were instituted some 586 years before the Christian era and discontinued about 394 A. D. A school of music is to be established to preserve the songs of the people and to foster musical traditions brought down through the centuries in the Orthodox Church. There is also in view a school of arts and crafts, for the development of native skill, and an academy of philosophy, which will consider and vivify profound religious truths, and point the way to a clearer vision of the future. These various activities are to find expression in a literary journal, its first number being scheduled to appear at the opening of

the next Delphic Festival, probably in May, 1929, when *The Suppliants* of Æschylus will be produced. Thus philosophy, music, the drama, literature, the industrial arts and athletic games will unite in promoting the harmonious development of all who come within the influence of this new-old Greek culture.

CAROLYN CARROLL.

#### PROFESSOR ROBINSON IN NORTH AFRICA

Dr. David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins University, now at the American School in Athens, writes that he has had a "wonderful four weeks trip visiting all the important Roman ruins and excavations in Tunisia and Algeria. The recent excavations are very interesting and a revelation. . . . I will try to write an article with good illustrations for ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY on North Africa. . . . I enclose a note on the Mausoleum of Augustus in Rome:

"Recently while workmen were repairing the great Augusteo in Rome, where today symphony concerts are given but which was once the mausoleum or tomb of Augustus, two important Latin inscriptions were found in the interior on a big stone, mentioning Mar-

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

cellus, the son-in-law of Augustus, and Octavia, the emperor's sister, both of whom were undoubtedly buried in the family tomb. One inscription says: Marcellus C. F. Gener Augusti Caesaris; the other Octavia C. F. Soror Augusti Caesaris. Underneath the inscriptions is a deep groove where a mediaeval workman had started to cut the stone with the intention of removing it. He was killed before he succeeded, by some great disaster, such as an earthquake, which made the top of the mausoleum fall in, filling the centre with all sorts of debris. Even the bones of the ancient pillager have been found.

"Other new discoveries have revealed the true size and dimensions of the tomb. It proves to be much larger than previously supposed, but the actual *cella* or interior is smaller: just the size of the present auditorium, with two exterior circles of walls divided into twelve compartments each for the purpose of strengthening the construction. The entrance did not go straight in but led to a piece of the *cella* wall which had an entrance at either side. It was built after the rest was completed, so that two compartments are slightly smaller than the others. One of these antique compartments has a modern door cut into it and is used for switches to control the electricity used to light the building today. The twelve compartments had a semi-circular (barrel?—Ed.) vault and were divided by a cross-wall in the middle. They were sealed tight and were merely architectural devices to help support the great interior vault, and not, as previously supposed, intercommunicating burial chambers. In the interior were niches for cinerary urns and for busts and statues."

### PATTERNS

From St. Louis comes an interesting story of the work of Dr. Melvin G. Kyle, president of Xenia Seminary, in Palestine. Dr. Kyle plans the establishment at the Seminary of a "Bible Lands Museum". He will be recalled as the excavator of the Biblical city of Kirjath Sepher, on which he will continue to work for some time to come. His work thus far has revealed little more than the walls of the city, and he will endeavor during the coming season to secure historic records in the form of ceramics, inscriptions, moving pictures of ancient customs still in daily use, etc. If the attempt stops with the actual evidence presented by the finds, one can have only the highest regard for the work. It is attended by great difficulties and makes no especial promise of spectacular results such as accompanied Carter and Carnarvon's work in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. If, however, as seems likely from previous statements, Dr. Kyle has set about his task with the idea that he will discover confirmation of certain Biblical statements hitherto accepted purely on faith, he will probably succeed only too well. But archaeology is not a matter of fitting discoveries to preconceived patterns, and there is no longer anything hit-or-miss about its methods. If an object is in the excavator's field, he is certain to discover it: but it may not, simply because it happens to be there, confirm a theory.

### PROTECTING CHARTRES

More than once in the past the Deity has had to be protected against the ravages of His own children. Now comes the Society of the Friends of the Cathedral of Chartres, an organization designed to benefit the

ancient edifice in every possible way, chiefly, at first, by bringing order out of chaos in its physical administration and condition. This admirable purpose will be served in part by an endeavor to restore some of the stained glass for which Chartres has been famous these many centuries. The Cathedral is undeniably in urgent need of money for its proper conservation, and of intelligent friends to discern and do what is legitimate to put and keep it in condition. It is accordingly to be hoped the new Society will succeed in attracting the attention of all who take an interest in major antiquities, and that it will be wise enough to proceed with caution and a full knowledge of facts rather than mere opinions. Subscriptions or donations may be sent to M. Lorin, president of the Société d'Archéologie de l'Eure-et-Loire, France. Details of the organization may also be had by addressing Mr. Orin H. Skinner, 9 Harcourt Street, Boston, Mass.

## AN ANCIENT INDIAN HOUSE

(Concluded from Page 105)

shirts and guttural Indian songs, intermingled with "ladies' race with egg on spoon" and the strains of a banjo tuned to Indian ears, in pagan keys.

A very ancient song concerning the building of the house was sung by the Indians, and Lorenzo taught me, thus:

<i>E-wa mo-chow-a</i>	<i>House build</i>
<i>Sha-u-me sha-u-me</i>	<i>Tops together</i>
<i>Sha-whur-e</i>	<i>Make circle</i>
<i>Sha-wheel</i>	<i>Make circle</i>
<i>Sha-pi-e sha-pi-e</i>	<i>Slanting</i>
<i>Chu-me</i>	<i>It is held up</i>
<i>Kwe-yow</i>	<i>(Lorenzo could not translate this word.)</i>

The dancers swung around the house singing this song intermittently for several days and nights. To the San Diegueño all practical elements of living were accompanied by ceremony. So it is not strange that the building of the *e-wa*, the nest, the shell of protection, nourishment, birth, death, was worthy of a feast, a song, a dance.

It was where the life of the Indian began and where it ended.



## GLOSSARY

(Continued from the December issue. No Glossary was printed in January because of limitations of space. For explanation, see issue of June, 1926).

### B

- bau'de-kin:** originally, a handsome fabric or cloth made in Bagdad; its warp was gold and its filling silk; popular during the Middle Ages.
- Bau'ge:** in Norse myth., the brother of Suttung.
- bau'ta:** in archaeol., a monolith found at times above a barrow or cairn; a menhir.
- bax'a:** a sandal used in ancient Rome.
- bee'hive houses:** in Irish archaeol., small, domical or cone-shaped stone huts, often surrounded by a heavy cashel or stone wall, believed to have been dwellings of priests during the early part of the Middle Ages.
- Be-el'ze-bub:** Cf Baal-zebub.
- Be-gel'mir:** in Scand. myth., the last of the ice-giants, who escaped the fate of his brothers (drowning in Ymir's blood) by building a boat in which he and his wife took refuge; when the earth was reconstructed, he repopled it with his children.
- bek:** in anc. Egypt. hist., the First Squire and Chief Groom to Rameses II.
- bek-ten-hak':** (literally, Servant of the King) a title given in anc. Egypt to ladies-in-waiting at the royal palace.
- Bel:** in Assy. myth., the supreme national deity, identified by Herodotus with Zeus, and perhaps different from the Baal of Syria; the deification of physical power, "God of the World," etc.
- Be'lit:** Bel's wife or consort; identified usually with Astarte or Ishtar. **Beltis.**
- bel'lar-mine:** a XVIth century caricature jug for drinking, made in the Low Countries to ridicule Cardinal R. F. R. Bellarmine; it had a thin neck, big belly and showed a man's face and beard.
- Bel-ler'o-phon:** in Gr. myth., the son of Glaucus; with the help of the winged horse Pegasus he killed the Chimæra, and was himself killed when he tried to fly into heaven on Pegasus.
- Bel-lo'na:** in Ro. myth., the goddess of war and wife of Mars.
- Bel-shaz'zar:** in Bab. hist., the regent of Babylon during the closing years of his father Nabonidus' life; generally identified with the Biblical Belshazzar (Cf Daniel V). **Bel-sarra-uzur** (Bel-protect-the-King).
- be'ma:** (1) in classic Greece, a rostrum, or orator's platform; (2) the pace, a Gr. measure of length.
- be'ma-tist:** during the reigns of Alexander the Great and of the Ptolemies, the official road-measurer.
- Ben'dis:** in Gr. myth., a goddess of Thrace, generally identified with Artemis.
- Be'ni Has'san:** the Eg. town formerly called Speos Artemidos, famous for its elaborate tombs, especially that of Khnum-hotep of the XIIth Dynasty, whose entrance is sometimes declared to be the original inspiration of the principle and form of the Doric Order.
- ben'nu:** in Eg. myth., the sacred bird of Osiris, probably a lapwing; (B-) the planet Venus, whose phases as morning and evening star the Egyptians believed symbolized death and resurrection.
- bent:** the name of the anc. Eg. harp, often very large, lacking a vertical pillar, and having from four to twenty-two strings.
- Be'o-wulf:** in Anglo-Saxon literature, the partly legendary hero of a noted Xth century poem, the most ancient epic in any language, which recites his heroic adventures and his death while killing a dragon.
- Be're-zat:** in Zend. myth., the holy mount in the earth's centre, from which flows the sacred river Arvanel.
- ber'serk:** (1) in Norse myth., a warrior who fought so furiously that he was known by the name of this fighting-madness; neither steel nor fire could hurt him, and being protean, he could take on the shape and fury of wild beasts at will; (2) a violent and hotheaded person; (3) sometimes, a pirate.
- Bes:** in Eg. myth., the god of childbirth, the dance, art and music; a savage, repulsive-looking deity of Arabian origin, regarded when brought into Egypt as a form of Typhon or Baal, and later considered as the analogue of the Hindu Siva.
- Best'la:** in Norse myth., mother of Odin, Vili and Ve, lords of both heaven and earth.
- bet:** in anc. Egypt, one of the several names of iron.
- Bid'pai:** in Oriental lit., the probable author of the noted fables later distributed throughout the world by other nationalities; the thirteen original parts have all disappeared save for the Panchatantra; the later adaptations were all made from the first translation out of the Sanskrit into Pahlavi by Barsuye between 531 and 579.
- bif'rost:** in Scand. myth., the "tremulous path" between Asgard and Midgard; the rainbow.
- bi-ga'tus:** in numismatics, a Ro. silver denarius, so-called because it bears stamped upon its face the likeness of a two-horse chariot or bigæ.
- bi'kos:** in Gr. archaeol., a large pottery vessel for holding either liquid or solid food.
- bi'lith-on:** a vertical megalith supporting a horizontal one.
- Bi'on:** the Gr. pastoral poet who flourished in the IIIrd century, B. C., at Smyrna.
- bir'rus:** in anc. Rome, a heavy cloak with a coil or storm-hood, used in bad weather.
- bi-sel'li-um:** in anc. Rome, a chair or throne of honor designed for two persons but never occupied by more than one.
- Bit:** the common prefix to Assyrian names, indicating "house" or "temple"; the Hebrew form Beth is more familiar; as, Beth-Shan.

## BOOK CRITIQUES

*Spanish Art: Burlington Magazine Monograph II. Monographs by Royall Tyler, Sir Charles Holmes, H. Isherwood Kay, Geoffrey Webb, A. F. Kendrick, A. Van de Put, Bernard Rackham, Bernard Bevan, Pedro de Artiñano. Introduction by R. R. Tatlock. 128 plates in half-tone and color. E. Weyhe, New York. 1927. \$15.*

This is the second monograph published by the great London magazine. One on Chinese art, published in 1925, now out of print, was the first. The purpose of the editors of these monographs is evidently to arouse public interest in a national phase of beauty. The book, nicely printed and attractive to look at, is one of those volumes found on the parlor table of every artistic lady of the land. For this reason we bow our heads to our friends of London and congratulate them in advance for their success.

The book will do good, however. We need to awaken curiosity as to beautiful things more and more; we must charm the people with books of this sort. But, as the title says, this is not a history of Spanish art; nor does each article pretend to be complete. And more is the pity, because the writers are perfectly qualified to give us not only a resumé of what has been said up to the present day, but also a new and personal contribution to the subject.

Tyler, without doubt, is the man who today knows Spain better than any other foreigner. Van de Put is undoubtedly the scholar who has the most complete knowledge of Hispano-Moresque ceramics. Sir Charles Holmes, Rackham, all the collaborators are well posted. But in dismissing the problems they are concerned with at short length, neither will the layman understand their importance, nor will the scholar, who is anxious to have more detail, be satisfied. Let us give an example: Spain has preserved and surrendered to the museums of the world the majority of the textiles of the first centuries of Islam. The patterns are evidently Oriental: trees of life, rosettes, twin animals and monsters appear in those fabrics which we call Hispano-Moresque. But where were those textiles made? In Syria, Egypt or Spain? Kendrick necessarily has to touch on this point, but his treatment is

obviously insufficient. Concerning every contribution the same thing might be said. Even architecture is treated by Tyler in a slashing manner. As the Spanish would say, he kills the bull with a low thrust, whereas a decent bull-fighter, such as Royall Tyler, should kill the bull with a right, high *estocada*. Again, it is hardly pardonable for Sir Charles Holmes to have ignored the miniature. Now we realize that in this art-form is to be found the clue to the origins of Spanish painting; and a great deal has been done towards the solution of this problem in the last twenty years. The most pleasing article is the final one on metal work. There is something new.

But we wonder whether for cultured people and for scholars the Burlington could not make a better contribution to the history of art, by not pretending to write anything new, but by putting together in a series the capital articles which have been published in the magazine. This would make a handy archive of the art lore which has appeared in its well illustrated pages, and save us from tedious hunting through past numbers. Disconnected monographs become too voluminous because every writer starts with a few words of preliminary history; and the illustrations, pretending to be complete, become hackneyed and common.

JOSÉ PIJOAN.

*English Gothic Churches. By Charles W. Budden. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1927. \$2.75.*

Mr. Budden's survey is confined to parish churches, which he treats analytically by separate architectural features. The arrangement is clear, the style agreeable, and the illustrations well chosen. The author suggests a new and simpler classification for mediaeval English architecture:—Norman, from the Conquest to Magna Charta; First English Gothic, from Magna Charta to the Black Death; Late English Gothic, from the Black Death to the Confiscation of the Chantry Endowments. Though by subdivision this may be resolved into approximately the old classification, the new scheme illustrates the author's independent approach to an old problem and his praiseworthy desire to find a real parallelism between movements in architecture and in the civiliza-

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

tion that produces it. There is a long and appetizing list of parish churches which tempts at least one reader to tuck the little book into his pocket and engage a passage for England.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

*The Mediaeval Castle in Scotland.* By W. Mackay Mackenzie. Pp. xii, 249. 31 illustrations and 19 plans. Methuen and Co., London, 1927. 15s. net.

This volume, presenting the 1925-26 Rhind Lectures in Archaeology, before the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, comes from a specialist already known for his enlightening monograph upon "Bannockburn". The work at first glance would seem to have interest only for our friends of North Britain and the students of their peculiar civilization: but almost any one concerned with the history of the secular architecture of the Middle Ages will find herein a real mine of suggestive ideas, because while (as the author modestly states) "the subject of this book is the Castles of Scotland, it must not be forgotten that these constituted merely a province in the castle building area of western Europe. Scotland invented nothing in this field, though of course it moulded what it borrowed to its own desires."

Whoever turns to this volume for picturesque legends will of course be disappointed. The whole subject is treated strictly from the architectural and military technician's standpoint. From this angle, however, the author leaves little to be desired: indeed, the reviewer wishes that he could name a work on English, French or German castles proportionately as informing. There is a very successful attempt to show how fortress-building on the Continent proceeded upon all fours with similar undertakings in Scotland: e. g. (p. 55) there is a convincing demonstration that Bothwell Castle and the Château de Coucy share many of the same prime characteristics, although in no sense precisely identical in plan.

The treatment naturally is mainly chronological, beginning with the old "Mote-and-Bailey" strongholds of the XII-XIIIth centuries, whereof the ruined fortress of the Doune of Invernochty is a fair example: then passing to the far more elaborate "Stone Castles" such as Caerlaverock and Tantallon (the great hold of the Douglas), and finally the "Palatial Castles", such as Craigmillar and Elcho, not to mention such familiar "Royal Castles" as Sterling and Edinburgh.

Serious students of mediaeval architecture and warfare as well as enthusiasts for the past of Scotland will, in short, give this book an honored place in their reference libraries.

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## COMMENT ON NON-SCIENTIFIC BOOKS

By KING KENNADY

*The Great Bear*, by Lester Cohen (Boni & Liveright, N. Y., \$2.50), is a companion book to *Sweepings*, by the same author and publisher. While *Sweepings* is the picture of a whole American family, *The Great Bear* is of one character. The former leaves a vivid memory of the pioneers of business in Chicago; but the latter thrusts into the mind a character that now and again stamps about as potently as when it was first thrust. The character of Thane Pardway, as developed by Lester Cohen, is a tremendous piece of work and quite comparable to any recent great character portraits.

John Erskine, who wrote *Galahad* and *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, has made an interesting contribution in his latest book, *Adam and Eve* (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, \$2.50). It is much the same as his other books in style, which is the acme of humor, originality, and vividness.

Here is the story of the first "eternal triangle"—Lilith, Adam's first wife, who is the equivalent of all that man hopes for in woman; Eve, his second experiment, who is the equivalent of all that man knows of woman; and Adam himself—just man. The story is very entertaining and is perhaps the most subtle and even in quality of the three books.

*Dog Corner Papers*, by William Whitman, 3d (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, \$1.50), is a most charming book of essays—for the most part about Mr. Whitman's home life near Boston. The essays are filled with sympathy and understanding for those with whom he comes into contact, interesting comment on contemporary books and writers, and observations of nature. The style, because of its sincerity and simplicity, is quite engaging. You will find in this little volume a blessed relief from "weighty" literature. You will find a keen enjoyment in the intimate, tender, wholesome, skillful work of Mr. Whitman. These essays will very likely strike a responsive echo in your heart.

*Jalna*, by Mazo de la Roche (Little, Brown, and Company, Boston, \$2.00), won the

Atlantic Monthly prize "for the most interesting novel of any kind, sort, or description" offered by any writer. That is not surprising. The novels published are so mediocre that this one can peep over the heads of the others. It is interesting, too, if one wishes to merely pass away the time. *Jalna* serves admirably in that capacity. True it is that the picture of the family, and particularly the old tyrant, the grandmother, the matriarch of the family, who makes you believe that she alone had been the progenitor, is rather well done. On the other hand, it is decidedly a strain to imagine brothers who cause each others' wives to swoon from concupiscence so easily and freely. The book is quite useless if you desire stimulating reading.

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